BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
1945

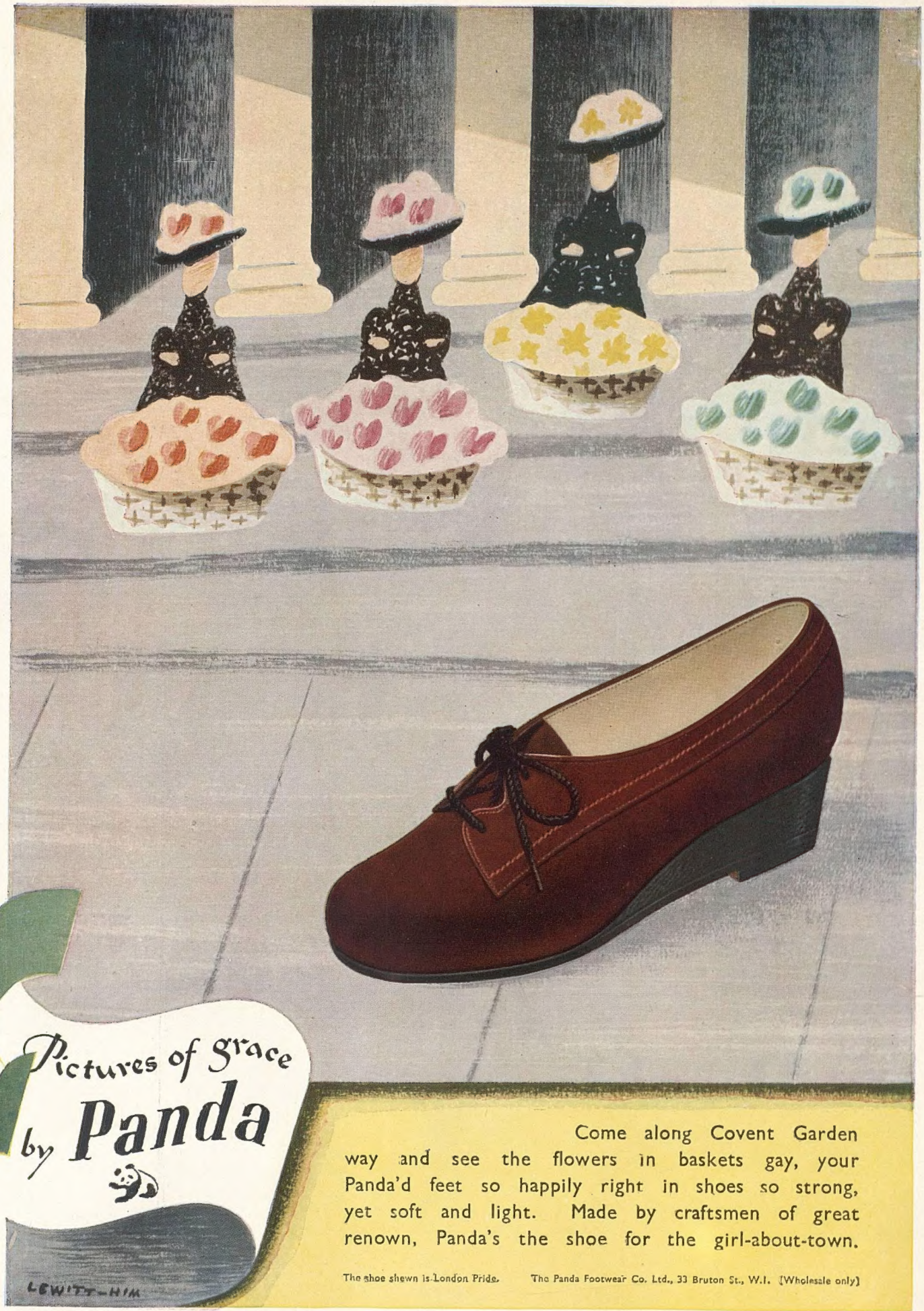
C. FOX SMITH
FRANK W. LANE

HOLLOWAY HORN
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS



Come along Covent Garden way and see the flowers in baskets gay, your Panda'd feet so happily right in shoes so strong, yet soft and light. Made by craftsmen of great renown, Panda's the shoe for the girl-about-town.

The shoe shewn is London Pride. The Panda Footwear Co. Ltd., 33 Bruton St., W.1. (Wholesale only)

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 31, No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1945

THIS IS ENGLAND (11) Lake Ullswater, Cumberland

Cover Design

by *Relf*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this Issue is 3d.

Magical as ever!... as dawn-dewy glamorous as when first made. Tattoo!... made today exactly as then. Different only from *other* lipsticks. You put it on, let set, wipe off... the greaseless, red-ripe colour stays *all day!* Transforming, teasing, amorous Tattoo!

7/6 (Refills 5/-) both inc. Purchase Tax.

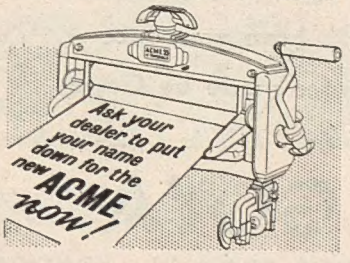
4/1½ (Refills 2/6) both inc. Purchase Tax.

Tattoo, Ltd.

Of course we're looking forward to new pretty clothes—

But I do think, too, the war has taught us how to care for clothes. My bet's an Acme. No wash-day wear and tear for me *or* my clothes! Mother's keeping her blankets till our Acme comes too. She says there's just no other way of getting either my "pretties" or her "heavies" really clean.

Mother—and you—won't have much longer to wait now! Any time now your dealer will say, "Good news to-day—your Acme's here." For Acme is switching back to this vital production, and women who have seen—or do see now—about being first on the list will have their own wise selves to thank!



Calling all mothers

The right food and good eating habits lay the foundation of health and happiness

THE CHIEF FACTS to remember in feeding children of any age are that, in proportion to their size, children need more of the body-building foods (milk, meat, fish, cheese and eggs, dried milk and dried eggs) than do adults: and to gain their fair chance in life children *must* have their full rations and allowances. So no giving part of their meat and cheese, for instance, to grown-ups, and no putting their priority milk into the family tea-cups!

Use nearly all the Points coupons in the children's books for foods of body-building and protective value: tinned milk, meats, and fish, peas and beans, dried fruits (including prunes), etc. And — this is equally important — make sure the children have a good helping of green vegetables, either raw in salads or lightly cooked, every day.

FREE LEAFLETS

There is a series of leaflets which tell the "why's" and "how's" of planning meals for children from 1 to 17 years of age. The leaflets contain recipes as well as many useful hints. Why not send a postcard for those of interest to you? Please ask for "*How to plan meals for Children*," and be sure to give the ages of your children. Address: Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

An extra for young workers up to 21*:*

It is National Milk Cocoa: a grand food and a most delicious drink. Supplies are limited, so for the time being, at any rate, National Milk Cocoa is available only to young people up to 21 years of age, at their place of work and at Youth Clubs. If *your* young people are not getting National Milk Cocoa please urge them to ask about it. It is so important for them, and so nice.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S130

An orchid in a sable coat . . . luxury . . . for your most special occasion . . . your smartest party . . . . have your face powder made by Goya

perfumes · lipsticks · face-powders

GOYA

161, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

Richard Nash familiarly known as 'Beau' Nash, presiding genius of the fashionable society which frequented Eighteenth Century Bath, was a close friend of Dr. William Oliver, inventor of the famous Bath Oliver Biscuit.
The tradition of elegance and good taste which made Bath Olivers so popular with the 'beau monde' of those brilliant days still survives. Bath Oliver Biscuits are still subject to zoning, but supplies will be increased as soon as conditions permit.

FORTTS ORIGINAL

Bath Oliver

BISCUITS

"The Captain pursued his cooking . . . making hot gravy in a second little saucepan"

"Dombey & Son" CHAS. DICKENS

To-day the housewife uses Bisto to make delicious, rich, thick gravy.

ah! BISTO

FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

WORLD FAMOUS STEELS FOR THE HOME

FIRTH STAINLESS FOR CUTLERY

"Staybrite"

FOR SPOONS, FORKS, DOMESTIC HOLLOW WARE, SINKS AND HOUSEHOLD FITTINGS

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD SHEFFIELD

Health Hints No. 1

Every child should have cod liver oil *every day*

Don't make the mistake of thinking that it's only delicate, "chesty" children who should be given cod liver oil. The strong, healthy ones need it just as much.

However well a youngster may be, even though he eats like a horse and never has a cold, it's still essential for him to have cod liver oil every day of the year, if he is to go on enjoying good health as he grows older.

Ensures sound bones and freedom from colds

The reason for this is that cod liver oil develops resistance to infection and so keeps a child free from coughs and colds. It also helps the body to build calcium, which ensures sound, sturdy bones, and prevents rickets. That's why the Government has made cod liver oil available for daily consumption to all children under five.

For over 70 years, Scott's Emulsion has been known to mothers and doctors as the most digestible form of cod liver oil. It is regretted that, at the present time, although more Scott's is being made than ever before, the supply cannot keep pace with the demand. So, please leave Scott's for the children and invalids — they have first claim to it.

Issued by the makers of
SCOTT'S EMULSION

Scott & Bowne Ltd., Wexham Springs, Stoke Poges, Bucks.

LISTEN TO YOUR **WISER** SELF!

Whenever you get that spending itch, listen to your wiser self. "Do you really *need* that?" she asks. "Wouldn't it be better to wait till there's more choice in the shops and keep on buying National Savings Certificates?"

BECAUSE

- Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.
- This increase is not subject to Income Tax.
- They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.
- Savings up keeps prices down.

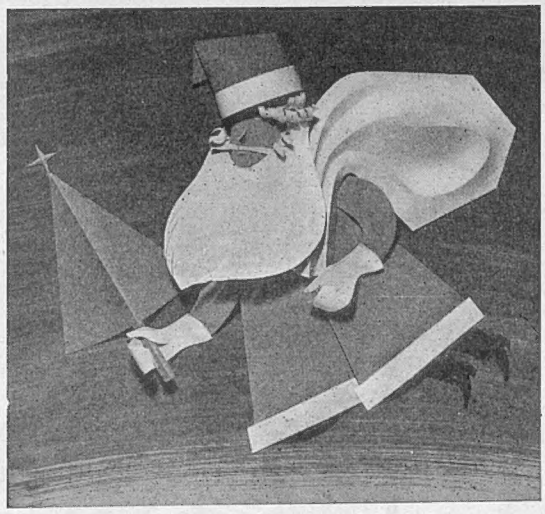
NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

By Appointment

Cerebos

The "finest" salt



Christmas this year will once more be a season of peace and hope, a time of reunion for many, to others bringing the consolation that this may be the last year of separation. With this knowledge the shortage of gifts will not press too hardly upon us. For the few there will be some Cyclax preparations in the shops. And for all there will be the Cyclax Treatment gift tokens, no less distinguished a choice than delightful to receive. The tokens may be bought and the treatments taken in the Cyclax Salon in London and in the Cyclax Salons in certain provincial towns.

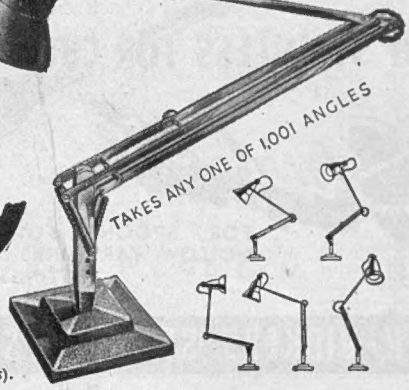
Cyclax
OF LONDON

58 South Molton Street, W.1. MAYfair 0054
NEW YORK MELBOURNE WELLINGTON N.Z. JOHANNESBURG

"One day I'm going to buy an Anglepoise".

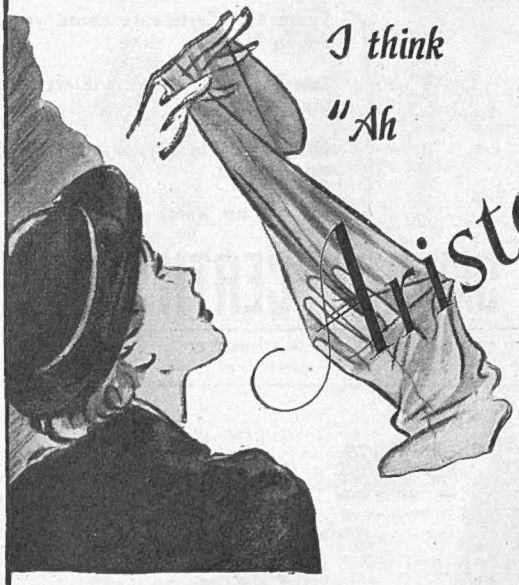
To the millions of women who have made this promise to themselves during the days of war-time shortages we make *our* promise that we shall soon be producing the Anglepoise for the public again.
And this wonderful 1,001 angle lamp will be better than ever... will throw its gently focussed light on the object, *not* the user's eyes ... will take *and hold* any desired position at a finger touch, will look just as efficient as it really *is*. Until then ...

Sole Makers HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD.
REDDITCH



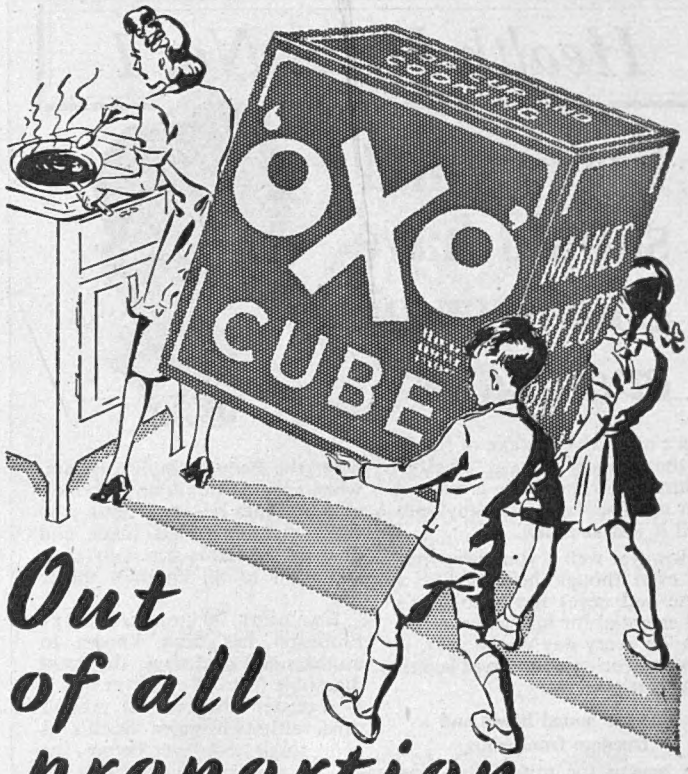
The TERRY ANGLEPOISE LAMP
(Pat. all countries).

Whenever: I see hands in a stocking
I think
"Ah Aristoc!"



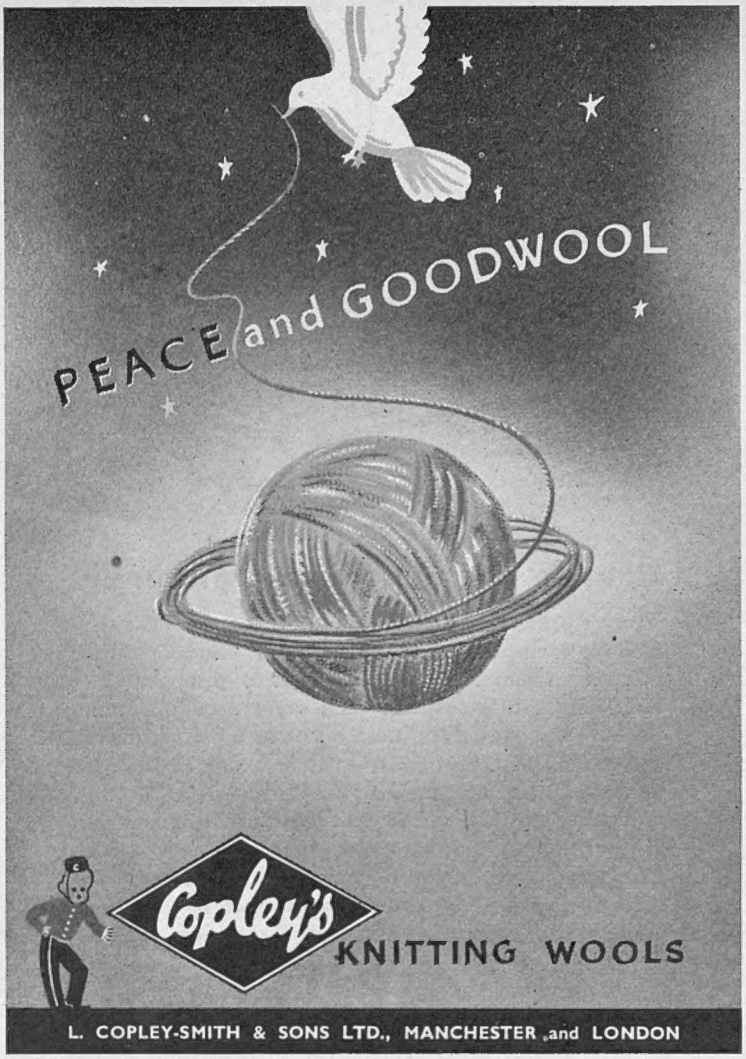
Sigh no more, lady. Both you and we look forward to the day when there will be a more generous supply of your favourite stockings. Meanwhile we are making *Aristoc Utility* in attractive shades. Supplies are limited but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

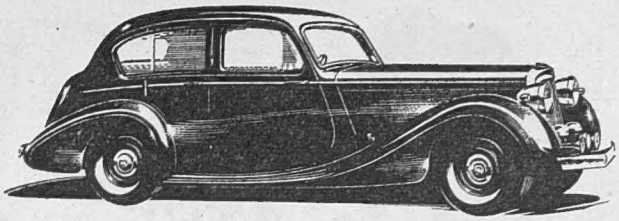
FINE GAUGE FULL-FASHIONED STOCKINGS



Out of all proportion...

Gravy made with OXO is improved out of all proportion.





THE NEW TEN
THE NEW 2-LITRE

The New

SUNBEAM-TALBOT

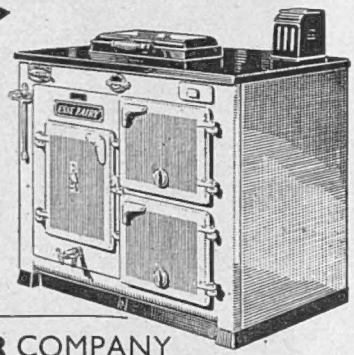
Britain's most Exclusive Light Car

SUNBEAM-TALBOT LTD.
Barlby Road London W.10

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

Have YOU a 'FAIRY' in your home?

The ESSE FAIRY No. 3, with one fire, always alight, combines heat storage cooking with hot water supply, at a fuel cost amazingly low. Burns solid smokeless fuel.



THE **ESSE COOKER** COMPANY
Proprietors : SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD. Established 1654
Head Office & Works : BONNYRIDGE, STIRLINGSHIRE
London Showrooms & Advisory Dept: 46 DAVIES STREET, W.1

Creda

The joy of using Creda electric appliances has been withheld from many households owing to our war-time activities but large-scale production will be resumed just as soon as labour is available. You can expect new designs giving still better service in your home.

Creda for

ELECTRIC KETTLES
IRONS · FIRES · COOKERS
BOILERS · WATER HEATERS

Issued by SIMPLEX ELECTRIC CO LTD · OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM

Unconventional themes will play their part in post-war decorative art. Countless colour-starved homes await the modern, transforming touch of Sundour unfadable furnishing fabrics

Sundour

John Farleigh

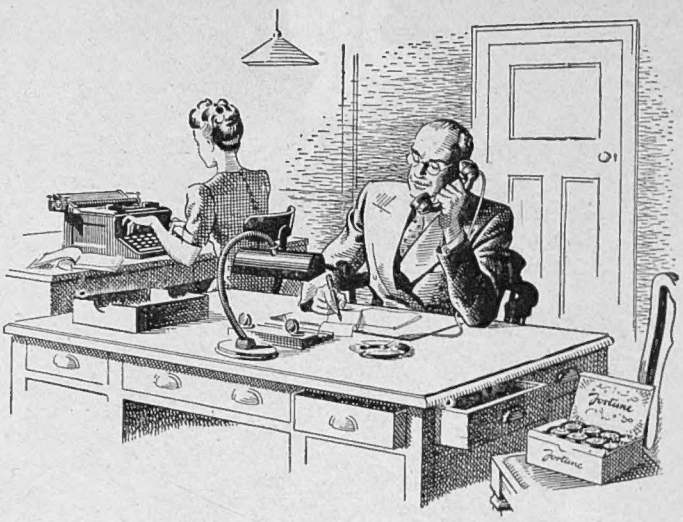
—Ⓟ5—

Accent on elegance...

Diagonal woollen suiting for all-occasion elegance! Pockets are dramatised by a new design... Buttons are new, arresting . . .

Hershelle MODEL

. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.



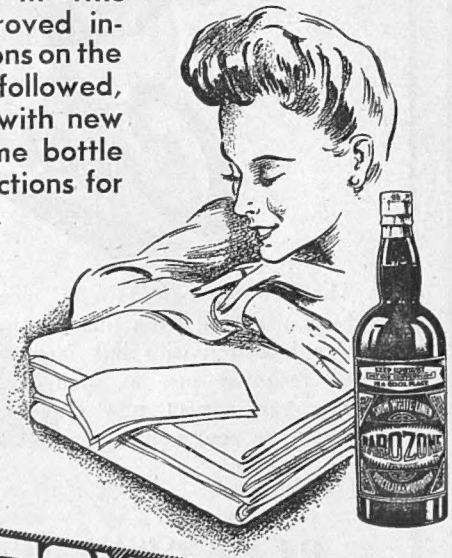
What is wrong with this picture?

There's something peculiar about this office. Take the boss for example. He's talking into the *ear*piece of the receiver . . and hasn't the instrument disappeared? His jacket too is suspect—men don't usually button theirs on the left. Next, take a look at those two open drawers in the foreground—a desk simply could not be made like that. Mistake No. 5?—no paper in the typewriter . . . and No. 6?. . . How did that box of Caley FORTUNE chocolates get there? Caley's aren't making FORTUNE now—not until they've a factory of their own again. Meanwhile good friends in the trade are making Blended Chocolate Blocks for Caley.

CALEY CHOCOLATE

Years of hard wear and still snow-white

Due to replacement difficulties linens have had to last much longer and withstand greater wear and tear; "Make do" has been a very necessary economy, and in this Parozone has proved invaluable; directions on the bottle carefully followed, and linens glow with new life. On that same bottle you will find directions for many other uses.



PAROZONE DOES MORE THAN BLEACH

Glass and crystal, china, enamelware, porcelain and tiles, plain white woodwork, all are brightened by its efficient action; sink, hand-basin, lavatory trap and drains are freshened and sterilised.

PAROZONE REG°

FROM GROCER OR STORE

Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us, please—we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

HEAD OFFICE: GLASGOW; and at London and Nottingham

Send 3d. in stamps for Booklet 129 to Dept. 53, Patons & Baldwins Ltd. Alloa, Scotland or Halifax, England.

P&B SHRINK-RESIST PATONISED FINISH *knitting wools*

℗763

IF the mirror doesn't reflect a *you* as gay and lovely as you know you could be, use Icilma Foundation Cream, a silky-soft powder base that smooths away roughness, prevents dry skin lines, and holds powder beautifully for hours!

Icilma FOUNDATION CREAM

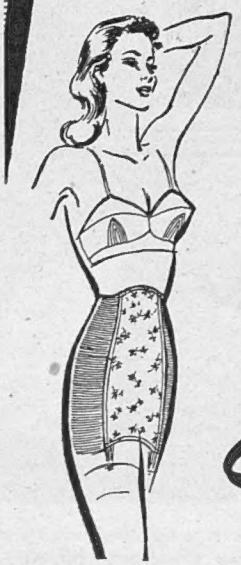
IN JARS - - 2/2, 10½d

Also Face Powder in boxes 2/2, 10½d, *and Cleansing Cold Cream* 2/2, 10½d

IC 303-96 ICILMA CO. LTD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX

1606

In France, the exaggeration of luxury in fashion had so increased during the reign of Henri IV that between the years 1601 and 1606 he issued economy laws.



1945

Good corsets are not a luxury, but restrictions on the use of materials used in them have had to be imposed. Soon, we hope, Gossard styles will again be made to the standards by which they became famous.

THE Gossard LINE OF BEAUTY

GUARD YOUR TEETH...

...Night & Morning

The only way to keep your teeth safe from acid is by *regular* cleansing. However rushed you may be, you really cannot afford ever to neglect them. So every night and every morning clean your teeth thoroughly with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This is the one toothpaste which contains 'Milk of Magnesia'*, recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia this day and make sure to use it — night and morning.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd)

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

She walked down Lover's Lane in borrowed shoes

Young Miss Green's an old customer of mine. Always looks smart, particularly her shoes. Funny, though, how different people are. Miss Green told me the other day she found her best friend — Freda—in tears. Freda wanted to go out with Dick, her boy in the R.A.F. — and just hadn't got a pair of shoes fit to be seen! Well, luckily,

that romance wasn't spoiled, my Miss Green lent her friend a pair of shoes — with Phillips soles and heels on, of course. And she gave her some good advice too. Told her to bring all her shoes to be repaired and have Phillips soles and heels on right away — and to have them put on the new pair she's getting as well. They do keep shoes looking wonderfully trim and smart, and they are invisible in wear too. Take it from me—

Phillips

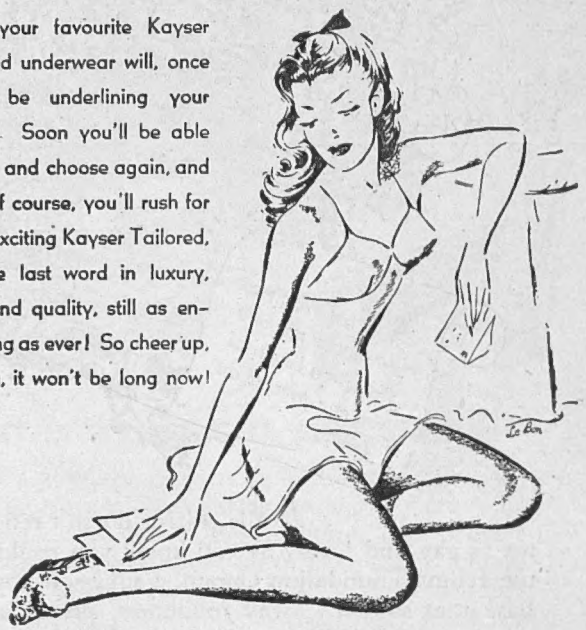
Rubber Soles and Heels double the life of your shoes!

JAEGER

JAEGER HOUSE, 204 REGENT ST., W.1, OR GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER

Underlining Beauty . . .

Soon your favourite Kayser Tailored underwear will, once more, be underlining your beauty. Soon you'll be able to pick and choose again, and then, of course, you'll rush for those exciting Kayser Tailored, still the last word in luxury, style and quality, still as enchanting as ever! So cheer up, darling, it won't be long now!



KAYSER *Tailored*

A Kayser-Bondor Production —Underlines Beauty

WM 7

DELTA SHOES

You may have stout Delta shoes for country wear, and smart ones for Town. All are moderately priced. We cannot offer as wide a choice as formerly but the model is full coupon-value if it is branded 'Delta'.

MADE BY

LOTUS

PLEASE CHOOSE FROM DEALERS' STOCKS

FOR DRY SKINS

Three delightful Preparations to counteract dryness, to lubricate parched skin, to promote fresh smoothness and soft round contours . . . to take years off one's apparent age.

CLEANSE: *Cream 683.*
LUBRICATE: *Special Dry Skin Mixture.* **STIMULATE:** *Orange Flower Skin Lotion.*

Dorothy Gray is a Reg. Trade Mark

His robes, so far from making Mr. Justice Hilton a romantic figure, as they did many of His Majesty's judges, made him look extremely frightening and formidable

The Judge

A Murder Mystery

By

Donald Henderson

MR. JUSTICE HILTON had a reputation which he may or may not have been aware of. He was known as being "stern and humorless." It was difficult to pick holes in that—though his victims, if victims was a fair word, managed to—for sternness is not a fault and humour is but a gift.

His Lordship looked just as you would expect, had you heard what was said about him; an aggressive, massive man, and his robes, so far from making him a romantic figure, as they did many of His Majesty's judges, made him look extremely frightening and formidable.

Prisoners, when they heard that Mr. Justice Hilton was to try the case, instantly turned rather pale and exclaimed: "Blimey!", and gave the thumbs-down sign to their solicitors, if aforesaid solicitors had not themselves turned pale and given the thumbs-down sign already. It was recorded of Mr. Justice Avory that only the guilty prisoner need fear him; the innocent prisoner had a friend in him. But, in some subtle way, this was never inferred, much less said, about Mr. Justice Hilton. Nobody mentioned the word "humanity," and you never heard that he had imagination, or even very much patience; you heard, instead, that he was sometimes "like a bear." Indeed, the best you heard about him was: "He 's got a wunnerful missus—and he knows it, I 'll say that for him," which an ex-convict had once informed the *News of the World*. You might say, but how could that help his Lordship's prisoners at the bar? Perhaps it didn't, but at any rate Lady Hilton had helped many *ex*-prisoners at the bar, whether convicted or not. Bearing this positive report in mind, it might very reasonably be wondered whether his Lordship was aware of this. If he was, it must surely have some humanising influence? Yet rumour was silent there. What did go on behind that ruddy and alarming mask of his? He was certainly formidable up there on the bench, with his hard eyes and his thick, tight lips and his impatient manner. Even the most experienced barristers, whose briefs were marked at four figures, were, if not exactly afraid of him, at any rate glad when the particular case was over.

"Seven years," said his Lordship curtly, awarding the maximum, and he looked at the clock.

It was lunch-time.

THEY got a muscular grip on the struggling, yelling prisoner—now to be called convict for seven years, less twenty-one months if he kept his sanity and earned all his remission marks—and dragged him, protesting, down the sinister staircase. He faded gradually from the view of pallid reporters, bewigged barristers, cold and hungry solicitors, and frightened pedestrians now sorry they had popped in to the public gallery, but his cries of bitter protest could still be heard by Mr. Justice Hilton as he turned his back on the familiar if sordid winter scene, heard the oaken door close behind his beefy figure, and started to disrobe. The convict had lunch in a cell—boiled beef and carrots, while he still could, and a fag—and Mr. Justice Hilton crossed over to the usual, where he found the place by the roaring coal fire safely reserved for him, deferential acquaintances, obsequious waiters, turtle soup, turbot, pheasant and Stilton. He had half a bottle of nicely-warmed Beaune to further assist the particular mental irritation of the morning, but, somehow, it was not until the Portuguese brandy that he was finally able to stem this irritation and satisfy afresh his very inmost conviction that what he was thinking was both just and right. There had been far too many of these pleas in recent years—the fault belonged to fiction-writers and other alleged psychologists—in which even the most eminent counsel frequently had the nerve and effrontery to get up on their feet and declare that, at the time of the alleged crime, the accused not only didn't know what he was doing, but, afterwards, didn't know he 'd done it! There had even been

murder cases, in which the alleged murderer, who was in no way represented as being insane, was supposed not to have known what he had done! "A mental blank, m'Lud." A mental blank! The prisoner pleads from the witness-box about this mental blank, and declares: "Something came over me."

Mr. Justice Hilton impatiently selected a Havana cigar and privately complimented himself on dealing in realities. For his part, he took this modern attitude with a pinch of snuff.

"Coffee, my Lord?"

"Yes. Black." He had a brief way with servants.

"Of course, my Lord."

"And hurry with it. I've a lot to get through before five o'clock."

THE afternoon got well under way with a fraud case, which certainly suggested realities! Bonds were bonds, and cheques were cheques! Mr. Justice Hilton told himself he was even better at figures than at people. Figures never lied. It was absorbing, and he had already forgotten the previous case.

But when he got home to Regent's Park he was tired. As his ancient butler knew very well, a tired man was often an irritable man.

"Good evening, my Lord . . ."

"Evening, Primmer. Where is her Ladyship?" asked his Lordship in the curt, routine manner.

"Her Ladyship had to pay a call, my Lord. But I was instructed to inform your Lordship that dinner would be in no way delayed." Primmer, a bent and white-headed figure, hesitated. He often did hesitate, especially when his Lordship came back in what they called below stairs his penal-servitude mood. It said in the *Star* as that poor chap got seven years, whereas everybody 'd quite thought . . .

"Is anything the matter, Primmer? You appear hesitant."

"Er—no, my Lord," faltered Primmer untruthfully. Hesitant wasn't at all the word, so much as nervous. "I 'm . . . I 'm very sorry, my Lord, but there 's a . . . a person in the morning-room."

Mr. Justice Hilton, who had shed his hat, fur gloves and fur-lined overcoat all over Primmer, had crossed the large and comfortable lounge to the cellarette. The cellarette had a warm look about it which was not altogether attributable to the huge log-fire. It was possible to feel soothed at the mere sight and feel of it, although tired and hungry.

"A person?" he enquired, civilly enough, his back to Primmer. When Primmer referred to "a person" it was not hard to understand his meaning.

There was the musical sound of a bottle and glass.

"Yes, my Lord," said Primmer, to the sound of the soda syphon. "I said to him, 'It 's not a bit of use expecting to see his Lordship without an appointment, and least of all if you won't leave your name.' But he 's called four times, and he says it 's about a case." Primmer said that, at the finish, he just couldn't get rid of him.

"About a case! Well, we had better see this person who has called four times! No doubt it is somebody her Ladyship has been interesting herself in; but she does far too much of that sort of thing. However, we shall soon dispose of him."

"It was your Lordship he specially wished to see," was Primmer's departing comment.

His Lordship was now standing, large and impressive, his broad back to the log-fire.

There was a satisfied but somehow bulldog look to his red face.

SIXTY seconds later, his Lordship's expression was even more of the bulldog and was redder than ever.

"Get out!" he instructed his visitor in the privacy of their brief interview, and using a tone of voice he never employed even in Court No. 1.

His little visitor, except for putting an article back in his pocket in a thoughtful way, showed no fear and didn't move.

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

"Get out!" said Mr. Justice Hilton in the privacy of their brief interview, using a tone of voice he never employed even in Court No. 1

He grinned.

"Shouting won't upset me, your Lordship—I ain't in the dock *this* time! And seeing as——"

"You soon will be, if you don't get out! Did you hear what I said!"

"Yes, my Lord! And I beg leave to 'ope you heard what *I* said! Of course," he grinned, showing yellow teeth, "it 's nice and private at present, in here with the door shut! But no doubt when I decide to find myself a bit of an audience, you, being a judge . . . !"

The little visitor, who looked rather like a cross between a jockey and an ex-convict (which he was) didn't get any farther. His Lordship had nearly pulled the bell out of its socket, and Primmer came in.

"Show this person out, Primmer!"

"Yes, my Lord."

"And if you let him in again . . . !"

"I quite understand, my Lord! Now then, this way, please!"

"Well," commented the little visitor glibly, and addressing the butler rather than the master, "I quite understand his Lordship is busy! And no doubt he 's just going to 'ave 'is supper!" He turned. "And it can wait a day or two, my Lord, our bit of business, if you want to think it over," he suggested. "But no more than a day or two! You 'll be sure to understand that!"

Primmer took him out.

MR. JUSTICE HILTON stood stock-still by the fireplace. To say that every one of his senses had been grossly outraged would be a marked understatement. He was one of His Majesty's most respected judges—and he was being brazenly blackmailed!

Brazenly?

Fantastically! The thing savoured of . . . of . . .

The door opened again, interrupting the explosive rage and confusion of his

thoughts. He had hoped it was Primmer, upon whom he could vent some of his spleen.

But it was Lady Hilton.

"You have rather a high colour, dear," she said anxiously, in her gentle voice.

DRESSING for dinner, he thought: "High colour!"

Once he had tried a blackmail case of a peculiarly virulent nature. The verdict was unquestionably one of guilty, and he had come down very heavily on the offender. He always did come down very heavily on blackmail, and he always would, because he thought it right, and because he couldn't understand the type of mind that could stoop to it. He had never met with it outside the law courts—well, until to-night. Although to-night's astounding incident was, of course, a most brazen try-on. What else could it have been? He was actually and openly accused, by a little ex-convict (whom he seemed to have seen before somewhere) of murder!

Murder!

It——! "Where are my studs?" he complained sharply to his valet, interrupting his own angry thoughts.

Wilson, his newest valet, appeared to be a complete imbecile. Studs were missing. Links. The wrong tie and the wrong dress shoes.

He flung various items in different directions.

"Idiot!"

"I'm sorry, my Lord!"

"It's no good being sorry. Get out! I'll dress myself. And the bath water was only lukewarm," he remembered.

Then, as Wilson shut the door behind him, Mr. Justice Hilton suddenly saw something.

It was in the shoe cupboard.

BEING in the shoe cupboard, it was, of course, a shoe. There was nothing surprising in that, but he picked it up with a startled and almost furtive movement.

It was his own shoe, and it was caked with mud and what looked like dried blood. It was a dress shoe, and the caked blood was on the patent leather.

And where was its fellow?

Good God! But, of course! The little ex-convict had temporarily produced—well, an alleged . . .

"Are you ready for dinner, dear?" Lady Hilton called from the bedroom. "I expect you're terribly hungry, but I think you will enjoy the dinner."

He didn't reply, and she wasn't sure if he had heard. He appeared to be locking his shoe cupboard. Why didn't he let Wilson do little things like that? What were valets for? Wilson should be trained.

AT dinner she discussed two subjects which she thought might interest him. He seemed quiet and off his food, and where he had seemed to have a high colour, he now seemed rather pale.

The two subjects she discussed were his major case for the day (she had seen the evening paper) with its familiar modern defence, and the present unfortunate wave of murders in their Regent's Park district. But here she failed him as badly as she appeared to have done over the carefully-thought-out meal. Always, and unlike many of their legal friends, he liked to talk what was called "shop," but now he appeared to regard it with distaste. She was saying:

"Personally, I think I *can* imagine somebody committing a crime, even murder, and genuinely not knowing that he's done it, Edward. And insanity, surely, need not necessarily——"

"If you please, my dear!"

His interruption was strangely abrupt. He was rarely abrupt with her, whatever he might be with others. As she well knew, in his dry way he regarded her as his one weakness. Well, weakness? But modesty prevented use of the word "strength"! He certainly applied the word "weak" to her, for what he regarded as her "misapplied sympathy towards unfortunates." He would know, for instance, that her sympathies would be for the poor fellow to-day who had been sentenced to seven years. Was he thinking of these things? Or of other things? He seemed *distrait*.

Suddenly, he got to his feet, excusing himself. There was soon the distant sound of the study door closing.

MR. JUSTICE HILTON was sitting by his study fire. The clock in the hall started to chime midnight. He had done no work at all, but he wasn't asleep. Far from it. Frequently, he fell asleep by the study fire between half-past eleven and midnight. He would work from after dinner until midnight, have half-an-hour's nap, and then . . . and then go for a short walk about the Regent's Park streets

(*Continued on page* 52)

Lady Hilton dozed off until her husband came in and said: "Did I hear a scream, dear? Or did I imagine it?"

How News Correspondents Travel About Europe To-day

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley

Evoking how these places were when last I trod them in their full life of the thirties

Human beings subsisting in their debris and encampments or shuffling from place to place

THERE'S a Dakota flapping leisurely round part of Europe that newspaper correspondents haven't written about although it has a story which is right under their noses—more precisely, under their anatomies. The story of a plane that frequently doesn't know where it is going until it starts and then may change its mind on the way. A plane that knows neither Customs nor embarkation formalities, tickets, passports, or service, but aboard which passengers have to make-do themselves.

It is the plane of accredited correspondents to the armies of occupation, whose main headquarters have been Paris, and it might have been called "The Front Page" in symbol of its passengers' zeal as they chase over Europe, aspiring to arrest their editors' attention. Someone even suggested "The Cut-Throat Express," to such grim lengths can competition carry contemporary "newshawks." But the Americans have a way with christening, and something kindlier was thought out. This plane should go where the the majority willed. Correspondents would write their requirements in a muster-book from which a daily journey schedule would be drawn up. Another term for "muster-book" and "schedule" is "round-robin." So our Dakota became "The Round-Robin."

Its home port is Orly, beyond Versailles, and its mission is to make daily circuits over the American Zone chiefly, and to facilitate connections in all directions —Bremen, Berlin, Vienna. A typical day's work is: Paris-Frankfort—Mannheim-Munich and return, in from eight to nine hours, stops included. But The Robin is a friendly "crate" and will set down and pick up anywhere within reason, often making a detour of fifty or more miles to do so. A popular "crate," too, for doesn't it bring newspapers and mail to camps and headquarters? The Robin may not have the prestige of military planes that monopolize the landing spaces. In appearance, it smacks of the bohemian. Yet who descend from it but Pens with the capability of blowing sky-high any military reputations in the neighbourhood?

If typing was possible some of these human machines would be pounding away

Not that the passengers look so awesome as they collect on the pavement outside the Hotel Scribe at 7 a.m. each morning. Of all shapes and sizes and a diversity of racial origins despite the common khaki and green insignia, the majority effort is to appear hard-boiled. Some are morose, others "high-hat." These have a label for strangers. They call them "groceries," a reference to the plenitude by which non-Americans may benefit at the U.S. Press Camps. For The Robin is run by the American Transport Corps, and Britons and others only get in under a legacy of Shaef, or Lend-Lease, or both. Passengers are overwhelmingly American—perhaps 80 per cent.

I was very soon made to feel a "grocery." Hardly had we set off, jeepily swaying through the early morning Paris streets, than the driver shot out of the corner of his mouth that if I felt sleepy, better draw on the safety-belt, as a guy fell out yesterday. (Forget jeeps for family usage: not only the trickiest things to keep upright, but lap up petrol with giant's thirst.)

BOARDING The Robin has no frills. Jeeps pull up alongside and one piles in after one's kit—usually of the lightest, a haversack or canvas bag. Only cameramen with their apparatus, and those on long assignments, travel heavy. For it's utterly necessary to be able to move off under one's own power in this Europe where there's no porterage and often no transport. One piles in, produces one's movement order for the check-up, and that's the lot. Away and over the frontiers we go.

That initial flap from Orly took us to Frankfort in two hours, and little happened on the way save a sore posterior and the morning papers. Alas, there's nothing soft about The Robin, whose seats are still the wood ones upon which paratroopers sat. And not so good for snoozing, which is what many Robin-ites lapse into, from a combination of gases, closeness, hangovers, and airsickness-precaution. Or, eyes closed, they chew gum—I've seen them using their safety-belts loosely in order to keep themselves in position. Others read or play (*Continued on page* 68)

Forget jeeps for family usage . . . the trickiest things to keep upright

Obtain souvenirs of mark in exchange for cigarettes

A picture of grace seen from the wings of the Open-Air Theatre in Brockwell Park. A photograph taken during a performance of the Ballet Rambert

And Now . . .

THE man with the pretty girl paid off the taxi and they went in, crossed the foyer, and met the *maître* head-on at the top of the stairs.

"The grill is through the American bar and to the left, sir."

"We're dining in the restaurant. They don't dance in the grill, do they?"

"No, sir; but"—the *maître* glanced at day-clothes, and smiled sadly—"evening dress, sir."

"But I've got a table booked."

"We could keep it, sir," suggested the *maître*.

"For ten months?" asked the man. "My tailor wants that time to deliver a suit. The moths have eaten my pre-war tails, and the Army forgot to make a civilian issue when I came out."

The girl intervened. "Darling, you'll have to hire a suit. This had to come some time. The war's over."

Not yet—not as I write. Day clothes remain the order of the night. Boiled shirts and bare backs among the milling crowd on the restaurant dance floors remain rare enough for the owners to look like penguins among the starlings. However, as from December, "evening dress or uniform obligatory," is the announced rule at two pleasure-quarter restaurants. "Out of respect for the ladies," adds one, apologetically passing the buck. After its wartime eclipse, dancing is returning to its old formal pattern in the social scheme. Soon, we'll have *The Times* printing a column or two of ball fixtures in the Social News. Hunt balls, county balls, charity balls, private dances. Dance cards may even be in demand, and on sale again. I knew a woman who gave seven and a half pounds of used dance cards for paper salvage. A greater sacrifice, perhaps, than giving up aluminium pots for airplanes. She was unmarried, and I daresay she would sometimes look through those cards with their dangling little pencils, and dream.

Except for formality and the trimmings, of course, dancing remained unchanged and unchecked by the Global War. It just went right on. There were times, indeed, when one had the fantastic illusion that the war was being conducted in swing time. Most of the twenty-four hours the radio emitted dance music when you switched it on. It was the one common language of the belligerents. The rival propaganda services blasted

During the past six years the Services kept dancing alive and spread the cult. There was more dancing in the war than in normal peace-time years. (Above) A dance in progress at the Covent Garden Opera House, which was used as a popular dance hall. (At left) Another popular dance hall. The crowded ball room of the Tower at Blackpool

Xavier Cugat and his famous Waldorf Astoria rumba band in a scene from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film "Week-End at the Waldorf"

To Dance

After Its Wartime Eclipse, Dancing Is Returning To Its Old Formal Pattern In The Social Scheme

By C. Patrick Thompson

civilian and soldier fronts alike with syncopated music, off-beat reeds and brasses carrying the melody, piano, bass and drums thumping out the time. It was the old technique of the sirens. Attract, allure, feed the victim with his favourite music sound drug, excitant or sedative—depending on his emotional responses to "I'll Be Seeing You" and such ditties—and you can pop a poisoned propaganda pill into him between tunes.

For the citizenry are so soaked in these dance rhythms now that if they did not get them they might miss them as they do tea or tobacco, two other acquired indulgences. It's all been going on so long—thirty years stretch between "Alexander's Ragtime Band," Irving Berlin's prelude to the jazz age, and "Don't Fence Me In"—that the habit has been formed. Vested interests and commercial organizations have grown up around it, as around the desire of the female to embellish Nature, and the need of both sexes to soothe civilization-rasped nerves with nicotine-impregnated smoke.

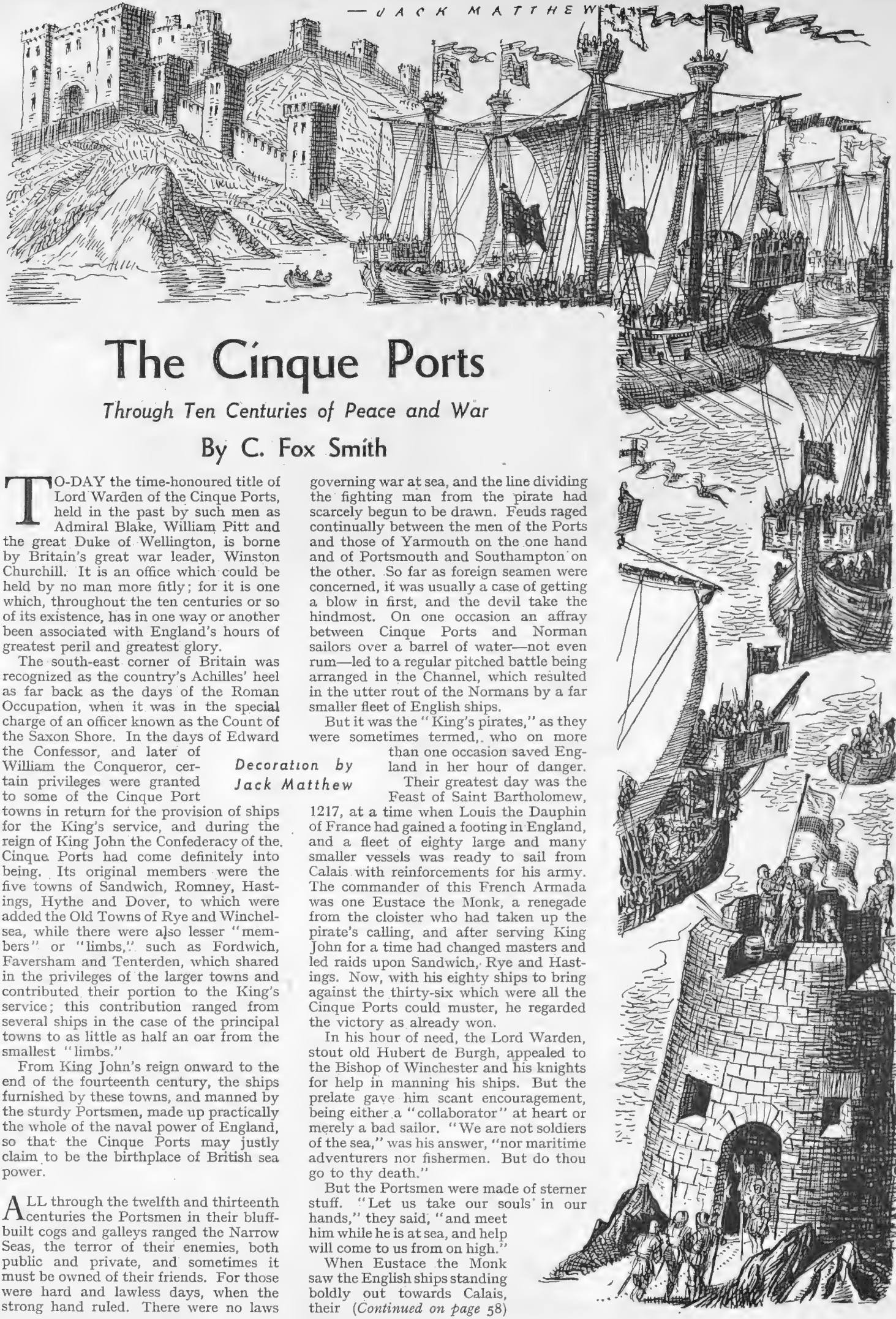
Three out of four gramophones are sold to persons who want the machine mainly to play dance records. Nine out of ten records sold are dance records. Five out of every six inches of film sound track using music records dance music. Almost all radio stations—600 in America alone—broadcast more dance music than any other kind of music. More than a quarter-million people earn very good livings by playing instruments in dance bands.

If you trace back the growth threads of this astonishing mass phenomenon you may find a tap root in Johann Strauss and the Viennese waltz: the first internationally popular dance music, and the first western-world dance. They started something which the tango—pruned of its Argentine gaucho toughness—carried on. George Grossmith and Phyllis Dare danced the tango at the Gaiety in *The Sunshine Girl*—it's first stage showing. In the New York production of that show in 1912 Vernon Blythe, a minor actor whose sister was married to George's brother, played George's role, and danced the tango with Irene Foote, a doctor's elegant daughter. The dance was the hit of the show.

Young Blythe decided that dancing offered a better career for him than acting. He married his partner. They paired as Irene and Vernon Castle. It was hard going at first. In Paris they were so hard up that when a visiting millionaire friend invited them to dine at the Café de Paris, Irene had to make-over her wedding dress—she had no evening frock. They did an impromptu dance that evening at the Café. It was a sensation.

Inside a year, they were internationally celebrated. There were "Castle" clothes and "Castle" dance clubs. They popularized tango teas. Back in New York, they were such an attraction that when they danced at a theatre the price of a stall jumped to £2. They had an engagement at a roof (*Continued on page* 54)

(Above) Two of the outstanding jitterbug experts of the Hollywood film colony. Gertrude Niesen and Edward D. Robinson dancing at the Café Marcel, Hollywood. (At right) The first of the lithe, streamlined, bobbed-hair dancing beauties was Irene Castle. She is seen here demonstrating with Alex Fisher, in 1939, *"The World's Fair Walk"*



The Cinque Ports

Through Ten Centuries of Peace and War

By C. Fox Smith

TO-DAY the time-honoured title of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, held in the past by such men as Admiral Blake, William Pitt and the great Duke of Wellington, is borne by Britain's great war leader, Winston Churchill. It is an office which could be held by no man more fitly; for it is one which, throughout the ten centuries or so of its existence, has in one way or another been associated with England's hours of greatest peril and greatest glory.

The south-east corner of Britain was recognized as the country's Achilles' heel as far back as the days of the Roman Occupation, when it was in the special charge of an officer known as the Count of the Saxon Shore. In the days of Edward the Confessor, and later of William the Conqueror, certain privileges were granted to some of the Cinque Port towns in return for the provision of ships for the King's service, and during the reign of King John the Confederacy of the Cinque Ports had come definitely into being. Its original members were the five towns of Sandwich, Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover, to which were added the Old Towns of Rye and Winchelsea, while there were also lesser "members" or "limbs," such as Fordwich, Faversham and Tenterden, which shared in the privileges of the larger towns and contributed their portion to the King's service; this contribution ranged from several ships in the case of the principal towns to as little as half an oar from the smallest "limbs."

Decoration by Jack Matthew

From King John's reign onward to the end of the fourteenth century, the ships furnished by these towns, and manned by the sturdy Portsmen, made up practically the whole of the naval power of England, so that the Cinque Ports may justly claim to be the birthplace of British sea power.

ALL through the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the Portsmen in their bluff-built cogs and galleys ranged the Narrow Seas, the terror of their enemies, both public and private, and sometimes it must be owned of their friends. For those were hard and lawless days, when the strong hand ruled. There were no laws governing war at sea, and the line dividing the fighting man from the pirate had scarcely begun to be drawn. Feuds raged continually between the men of the Ports and those of Yarmouth on the one hand and of Portsmouth and Southampton on the other. So far as foreign seamen were concerned, it was usually a case of getting a blow in first, and the devil take the hindmost. On one occasion an affray between Cinque Ports and Norman sailors over a barrel of water—not even rum—led to a regular pitched battle being arranged in the Channel, which resulted in the utter rout of the Normans by a far smaller fleet of English ships.

But it was the "King's pirates," as they were sometimes termed, who on more than one occasion saved England in her hour of danger. Their greatest day was the Feast of Saint Bartholomew, 1217, at a time when Louis the Dauphin of France had gained a footing in England, and a fleet of eighty large and many smaller vessels was ready to sail from Calais with reinforcements for his army. The commander of this French Armada was one Eustace the Monk, a renegade from the cloister who had taken up the pirate's calling, and after serving King John for a time had changed masters and led raids upon Sandwich, Rye and Hastings. Now, with his eighty ships to bring against the thirty-six which were all the Cinque Ports could muster, he regarded the victory as already won.

In his hour of need, the Lord Warden, stout old Hubert de Burgh, appealed to the Bishop of Winchester and his knights for help in manning his ships. But the prelate gave him scant encouragement, being either a "collaborator" at heart or merely a bad sailor. "We are not soldiers of the sea," was his answer, "nor maritime adventurers nor fishermen. But do thou go to thy death."

But the Portsmen were made of sterner stuff. "Let us take our souls in our hands," they said, "and meet him while he is at sea, and help will come to us from on high."

When Eustace the Monk saw the English ships standing boldly out towards Calais, their (*Continued on page* 58)

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

TONY PERRETT was only a pilot officer at the time, but he fell for Yvette with a quite unnecessary bang. She knew just how to handle men

TRAGEDY

When A Woman Falls In Love Her Wits Become Very Sharp

By Holloway Horn

PEOPLE have had enough of tragedy, we are told by the experts. What with the war, the blackout, the doodles and rockets—to say nothing of the politicians—people have had enough. They want something in a lighter vein—they need laughter, not tears.

Even so, I propose to record the story of Wing Commander Anthony Perrett, of Mary, the only child of a cantankerous but grotesquely wealthy father, of dear old Peter Truslove and of the young woman known as Yvette.

Tony Perrett had just been called to the Bar when another and far more insistent call reached him and he joined the R.A.F. He had rooms in Travers Court, which is near most of the amusing things in London, and since he had a reasonable supply of money, decided to keep them on. After all, he had quite a number of legal books which had to be kept somewhere, and the war, most people thought, would be over in a year or so, anyway. Besides, from time to time there was a spot of leave and it was just as well to keep in touch with the Courts, and so on.

It was during one of such spots that he met the young woman, Yvette. She had been a mannequin in the spacious days of peace; the war, however, had turned her thoughts to more serious work and she had become a hostess at the Blue Rose Club, where she was equally popular with Tired Business Executives and the Boys on Leave. She had a slim, perfect figure, lissom and graceful, dark-brown, velvety eyes and a devastatingly provocative rosebud of a mouth. Her appearance was deceptive, for she was, within reason of course, a perfectly respectable young woman. Indeed, she came originally from Peckham.

Tony Perrett was only a pilot officer at the time but he fell for her with a quite unnecessary bang. She knew just how to handle men who had fallen for her, knew exactly the effect she wished to make. Usually she was (*a*) not that sort of a girl, or (*b*) in love with an officer in Burma (she would speak of him with a brave, wistful look in her brown eyes and the faintest tremor of that rosebud mouth). Most of those who fell in love with her had little money, anyway, and Yvette was a realist in financial matters. Tony Perrett, however, was rather a proposition. He was a lawyer and had, she gathered, rather more money than most of them (and some lawyers, she knew, were right in the big money). Moreover, he was a singularly attractive man.

It lasted perhaps three months. For the first month, Tony was absurdly in love; he even asked her to marry him. She needed time to think it over. Whilst she was thinking it over, he, too, began to think it over. During the third month his ardour cooled perceptibly, and he stopped writing those long, beautifully written letters to Yvette which she prized so much.

There, in its essentials, you have the story in so far as it affects the Wing Commander and the young woman, Yvette. Whenever Tony was on leave he turned up at the Blue Rose but there was no more talk of marriage. They were just good friends—the phrase is Yvette's—and in all probability would have maintained their association on that austere plane if he had not met Mary Renton.

MARY was not merely the daughter of Sir Josiah Renton, whose name stands for all that is admirable in the world of

pickles and preserves, but his only child. He had made his way from the humblest beginnings—and a million or so on the way—and was rather a terrifying old gentleman. He was the president of more unpleasant leagues and associations than any other three men in London. He was violently opposed to almost every amusing thing in life, and Fate must have been in an ironic mood when she poured wealth into his lap, for he got no fun out of his money at all.

Mary's mother had probably been a lady of great charm for, in spite of Sir Josiah, Mary was a most attractive young person. If she derived anything from her father it was her intelligence. She had level, wide-set blue eyes and knew her own mind as definitely as did Sir Josiah himself. Tony's sister arranged their meeting and watched with complete satisfaction the astounding success of her plans. They simply fell for each other.

Followed an interview between Sir Josiah and Mary in which the father discovered—to his considerable surprise—that he knew very little about his daughter. He watched her from beneath shaggy eyebrows as he realized that he was up against someone who could no longer be browbeaten.

"Why did he send you to me instead of coming himself, like a man?" he asked, after considering the matter.

"He didn't send me, Daddy. I decided that you had better be put in possession of the facts before you saw him. He's coming this evening."

"A lawyer, you say?"

"Yes. A barrister. I do hope you won't be awkward, Daddy," she went on quietly. "Because we intend to get married in any case."

"I see," he said, and there was more truth in the statement than one might have supposed. "It's almost a pity you don't take more after your dear mother," he said, reminiscently.

"Why, Daddy?" she asked.

"You know just what I mean. Anyway, I'll see the young fellow after dinner this evening."

"Thank you, Daddy. I'm sure you'll like him."

Curiously enough, Sir Josiah did like him and since he had precious little choice in the matter, made the best of things and agreed to a tentative engagement. He was not, however, prepared for the announcement which appeared two days later in the papers and received the congratulations of his city friends with that shrewd glance from beneath those shaggy eyebrows which might have meant almost anything.

And so, again reduced to its essentials, you have the story of the Wing Commander and his lady love.

There follows rather an anti-climax. If only one could say that Tony was wounded and received the D.F.C. it would have been so easy to have made a hero out of him. In cold truth, however, his cycle skidded in a muddy rut whilst he was taking a short cut on the aerodrome. At first, apart from a sharp pain in his ankle, he was little the worse, but by the time he reached the mess the ankle was swollen and exceedingly painful. He sought the advice of the M.O.—apologetically—and was promptly ordered to bed. An X-ray revealed that a small bone in the ankle was fractured and for the time being he was definitely out of things.

He sent a funny-flippant letter to Mary and when at length he was able to go to town, arrived on crutches and with his foot in a sling—exactly as if he were a wounded hero.

DEAR old Peter looked helplessly from one woman to the other, but he was slowly recovering his faculties. "I wish to see Wing Commander Perrett," Yvette said sharply

Mary was working in one of the new Ministries and was unable to meet him, but dear old Peter Truslove turned up. Dear old Peter was also a barrister and was doing very well at it. He was round about forty—which meant forty-seven—and in spite of being extremely hearty was really a good fellow. He had rooms in Travers Court on the same landing as Tony, and, like all middle-aged bachelors, was incurably romantic. He was delighted with the news of Tony's engagement and was looking forward very much to meeting Mary.

"I thought that she might be here to meet you," he said in a disappointed tone.

"She couldn't get off. You'll see her quite soon."

Mrs. Mergle who lived in the basement and looked after both of them, awaited their arrival and Tony was just beginning to regard the tiny fractured bone in the ankle as a blessing in disguise when the telephone rang.

"That you, Tony darling?" a feminine voice asked.

"Yes," he said doubtfully.

"Yvette here. I saw the announcement of your engagement in the papers and tried to get you at the aerodrome to congratulate you."

"Very kind of you," he said, even more doubtfully.

"The daughter of Sir Josiah?" she went on.

"Well?"

"He's a millionaire, isn't he?"

"I don't know."

"Sez you!"

"Well . . . it's nice of you to ring up . . ." he began.

"From what I've heard about pa-in-law, he's a very strict gentleman."

"Is he? I don't know a great deal about him."

"And I've got a hunch that he'd be interested in a bundle of letters I have of yours, Tony. I keep them tied up with pink ribbon. Isn't it touching! You let yourself go in some of them. The old gentleman would think all kinds of things, I'm afraid. Those terribly strict old gentlemen are rather like that."

"What are you driving at?" he asked coldly.

"I haven't quite made up my mind. I'll drop in to see you this afternoon —fourish—and we'll talk it over. See you later." He heard her tinkling little laugh and she hung up without giving him a chance to reply.

The more he thought over what the young woman had said the more perturbed he became. He wasn't certain what he had said in the letters. The fact that she had kept them at all was disconcerting.

Blackmail . . . she was after money. She would be, he reflected.

He hobbled to the door and called for dear old Peter, who listened gravely while he told what had happened.

"Nasty . . ." dear old Peter said when he had finished. "Nasty. You'll have to handle her carefully, Tony."

"I'm not going to see her. She can do what she likes with the confounded letters."

"That line won't do. Four o'clock, you said. Leave it to me. You go over to my rooms and leave it to me. We'll try a mixture of bluff and tact. No man under forty can handle a woman like Yvette. It needs experience . . ."

"You can't get things into a worse mess," said Tony, rather ungraciously.

Hence, four o'clock finds dear old Peter waiting with what patience he could muster, in Tony's room. A few minutes past the hour there was a tap at the outer door and he opened it to find a smartly dressed young lady who was obviously surprised to see him.

"Can I see Wing Commander Perrett?" she asked.

"Come inside. I'm his representative," said dear old Peter in his best professional manner.

There was a puzzled look on the young lady's face but she followed him in.

"Sit down," he said, and went on as one who believes in coming straight to the point: "I'm a lawyer. I understand that you have been threatening my client."

"Threatening?" the young lady repeated.

"That was the word I used," said dear old Peter. "In this country, blackmail is a very serious matter. You have in your possession, I am informed, certain letters written by Wing Commander Perrett."

"That's true, anyway," she said. "You're not drunk, by any chance?"

"Certainly not!" said dear old Peter, sharply.

"Then why talk as if you were?"

This was disconcerting even for dear old Peter and suddenly the awful truth burst on him.

"I am Miss Mary Renton . . . the fiancée of Wing Commander Perrett," she said.

"Oh, my sainted unt!" exclaimed dear old Peter.

"I'm not your aunt," napped Mary, but suddenly her manner changed. "I suppose you were expecting Yvette?" she went on, in the calmest way imaginable.

"Yes," gasped dear old Peter.

"Tony told me about her. Has she been throwing her weight about?"

"Yes."

"And you expect her here?"

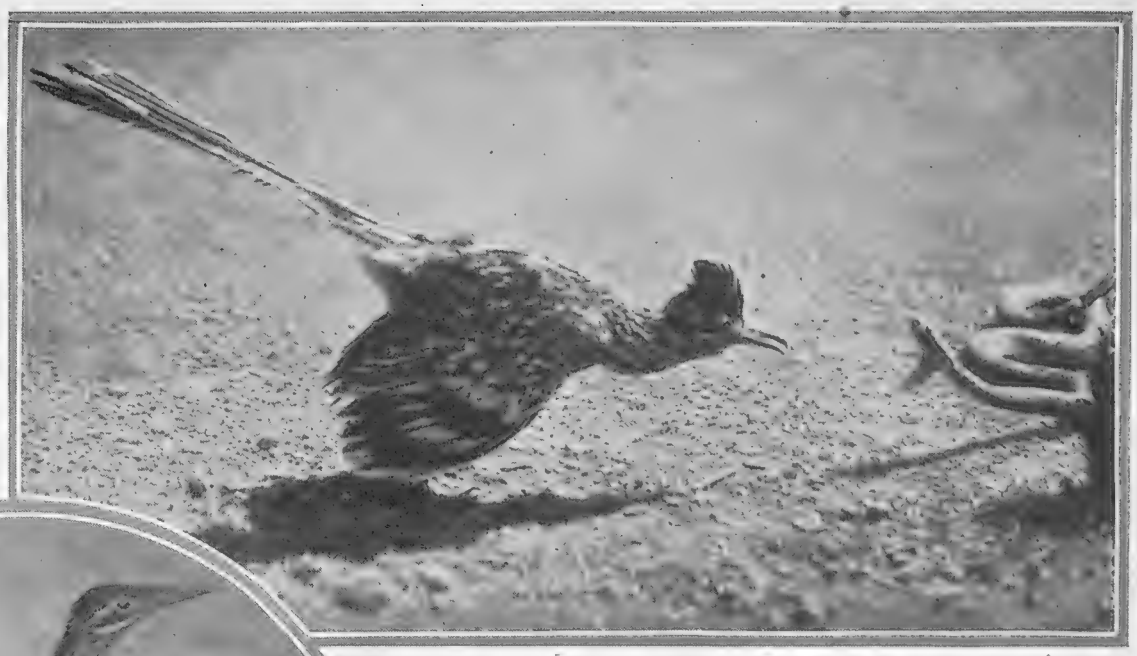
"Yes . . ." The situation was far too much for dear old Peter, who was reduced to monosyllables. As if in answer to her last question there was a tap at the door. Without hesitation, Mary answered it herself.

"Come in," dear old Peter heard her say in a most welcoming voice and a moment later she re-entered the room followed by a (*Continued on page* 64)

The Road-Runner

Strange Inhabitant Of The American Deserts

By Frank W. Lane



A road-runner attacking a rattlesnake. The most famous prey of the road-runner is the rattlesnake. What the mongoose is to the cobra in India this bird is to the rattler in the United States
(Reproduced by courtesy of Professor T. D. A. Cockerell)

A road-runner taking a sand and sun bath

THE road-runner is a member of the cuckoo family. But apart from some anatomical details which they have in common it would be difficult to find many birds whose appearance and behaviour were more unlike that of a cuckoo than the road-runner's. In fact it is one of the strangest birds in the world—and also one of the most interesting.

The road-runner's home is the desert lands of the south-western United States and central Mexico. Here with the snakes and lizards, the small mammals and birds, it makes its home among the cactus, mesquite and desert trees and shrubs. Few desert travellers have failed to catch a glimpse of that vividly streaked head, inordinately long tail and twinkling legs as the road-runner dashes away from the intruder into its domain.

To anyone acquainted with its habits the reason why this bird is called "road-runner" is easy to understand. When it is in a hurry it never trusts to its wings. It *can* fly, but in the air it is almost as much out of its true element as a chicken is in water! But on land a road-runner can show a clean pair of toes to most creatures it is likely to meet in its day's work.

A horseman once came upon a road-runner standing on a smooth and level roadway. He decided to chase it. The bird had a hundred yards' start. Putting spurs to his horse, the rider pursued the bird for about a quarter of a mile. The bird, with straightened neck and slightly expanded wings, glided along "without seeming to touch the ground." At last the bird sought refuge in a thicket. The horseman was still at least fifty yards behind. When chased by a car one road-runner clocked twenty-two miles an hour, while another record gives twenty-six miles an hour as the speed attained during another motor-paced trial.

When it is remembered that a human sprinter, running the 100 yards' sprint in the first-class time of ten seconds, averages only twenty miles an hour, the speed of a road-runner when really hard-pressed is seen to be a really remarkable feat. Incidentally, the bird's very long tail helps it in steering and coming to a rapid full-stop. With its speed and agility a (*Continued on page* 56)

This strange bird has an enormous appetite, and spends best part of the day in hunting and eating food. A road-runner with a lizard in its beak for the young in nest built in a challa cactus

(On left.) They make delightful pets, and this picture shows a young road-runner swallowing a lizard
(Photographs by William and Irene Finley)

Old Tales Re-told

Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

Lady Hester Stanhope

the remarkable Englishwoman who left her native land and settled in Syria, where she lived in semi-Oriental splendour

Lady Hester Stanhope with her uncle, William Pitt. They used to take long rides together. The disparity in age mattered little, and they met as two friends on an equal footing; their conversation was a joy and an intellectual stimulus to each

THE English have a reputation for phlegmatic coolness, sanity and unemotional behaviour. Yet, oddly enough, most of the famous eccentrics, those lunatic adventurers whose stories are told the world over, have been English. They have mainly preferred to live abroad, no doubt finding in foreign countries a more favourable atmosphere and greater tolerance for their exploits.

One of the most conspicuous eccentrics of the Napoleonic era, running true to type in that she abjured the country of her birth, was Lady Hester Stanhope, daughter of Lord Charles Stanhope, the politician and scientist, and Lady Hester Pitt.

Her upbringing had moulded her into a faultlessly and formally accomplished young lady of fashion, whose principal duty in life should have been to maintain the traditions of the illustrious family into which she was born; instead of which, when the time came, she discarded all the habits of her status and became a violent reactionary against European mentality, customs, dress and general mode of life.

She was born in the year 1766; and while she was still in her early teens her uncle, the great William Pitt, prophesied for her a brilliant future. On her side, Lady Hester felt a strong affinity for her uncle which grew into veneration and affection as she discovered in him a sympathetic soul. She decided to go and make her home with him.

They used to take long rides together. The disparity in age mattered little. They met as two friends on an equal footing, and their conversation was a joy and an intellectual stimulus to each. The presence of a charming young woman of little more than twenty was like a ray of sunshine in the grey, austere house of the bachelor statesman.

Lady Hester became the centre of an admiring circle amongst whom she delighted to display her wit. Such was her prowess that she was seldom bested by anyone who tried to get the better of her in dialectics.

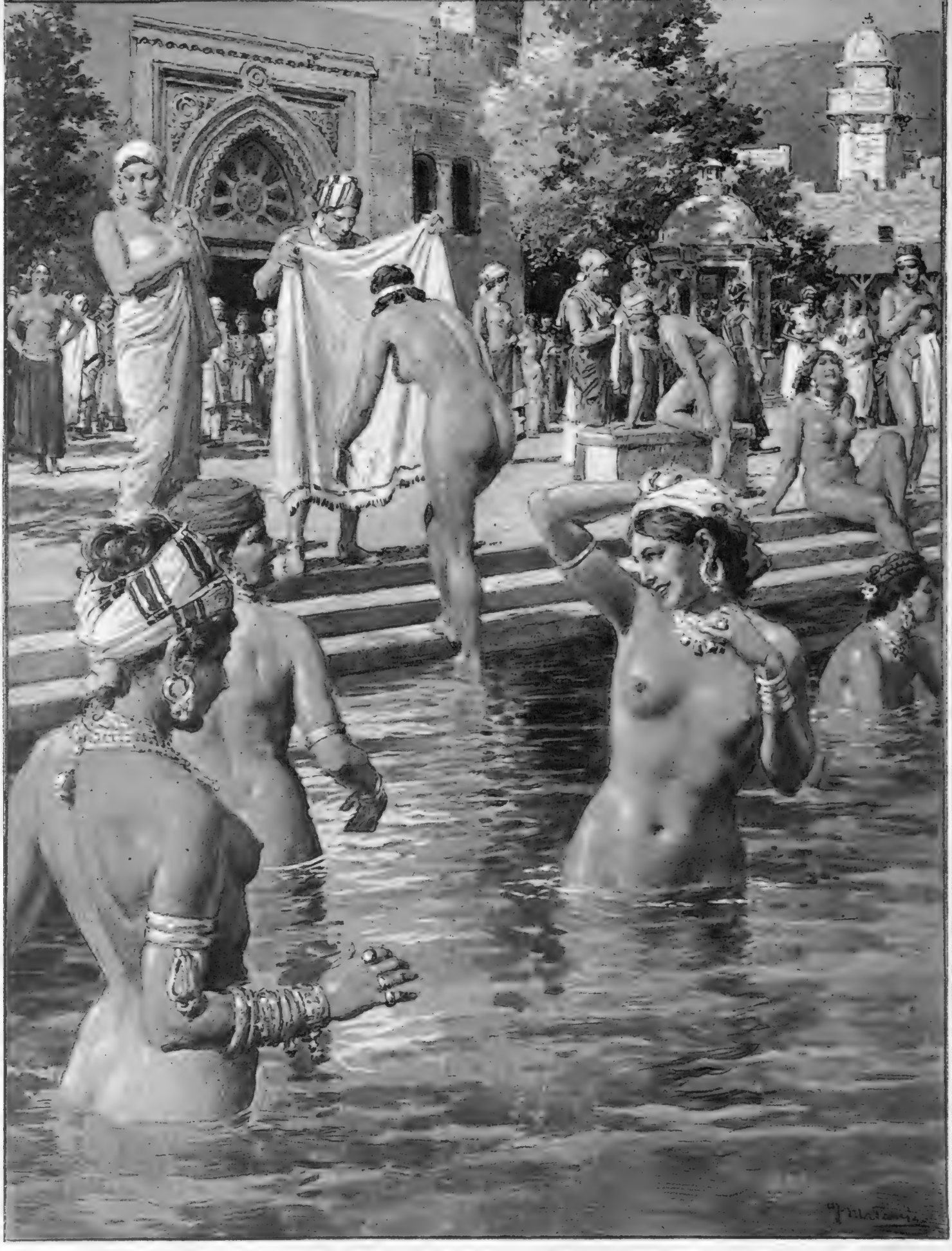
By the time she was twenty-eight she had received and refused several offers of marriage. Pitt gently scolded her for this, remarking that if she intended to wait until she met a man as clever as herself, she would remain single all her life!

Nevertheless, she was something of a coquette. And, as often happens, she lost her heart to someone who did not reciprocate.

This disappointment affected her health so badly that she was forced to take a long rest in which to recover. But another and deeper grief was in store for her. On January 23, 1806, William Pitt died. He had expressed a wish that the services he had rendered to his country should be rewarded by a settlement on Lady Hester Stanhope, and accordingly she was granted an annuity of £1200 per annum.

With the death of her beloved uncle, politics and social duties lost all attraction for Lady Hester. She felt lonely and forlorn, and to a great extent disgusted with the world in which she lived. She left town, and for two years wandered about from county to county. She fell in love again, this time with a young general; but again she suffered disappointment, for he died in Spain during the Peninsular War. Now she felt that England had nothing more to offer her, and so took the drastic resolution of going abroad. It is from this point that the story of this remarkable woman really begins.

She sailed for Gibraltar at the beginning of the year 1810, accompanied by Major Nassau Sutton, who had been a friend of Pitt's; also by her brother and a certain Dr. Meryon, who had accepted the post of medical adviser to Lady Hester during her travels. After a stormy crossing of the Bay of Biscay, they found the Mediterranean more clement, and on a bright, sunny day they reached Malta. Lady Hester had had the idea of spending a couple of years among the orange groves of Sicily, but was advised to abandon the plan on account of the unsettled conditions prevailing there, for it was a time of general upheaval in Italy.



The baths at Brusa were the fashionable centre where important women could be met, and Lady Hester Stanhope became a regular frequenter of this spot

Murat had accepted the crown of Naples from Joseph Bonaparte and had also snatched the island of Capri from the British. The Papal State had been annexed to the French Empire, and the tottering Bourbons, helped by the British, were trying to maintain for them power of life and death over their vassals and harassing Murat all over Southern Italy.

Whereas Malta, strongly held by the British since 1802, was the only place which afforded a secure harbour for English travellers. Here, then, they stayed. And here Lady Hester met with the handsome and fascinating Mr. Bruce.

This young gentleman, a few years her junior, joined the party and became Lady Hester's knight, protector and constant companion. She found a lodging in the castle of St. Antonio, together with the two young bachelors, Mr. Bruce and Dr. Meryon, quite impervious to the criticism of the ladies of the Maltese colony, against whom she used the sharp weapon of her tongue.

The handsome and fascinating young Mr. Bruce, who became Lady Hester Stanhope's knight, protector and constant companion

Mr. Bruce made rapid strides towards gaining Lady Hester's heart and looked with scorn upon his rival, Dr. Meryon. Since the two men were thrown together for the best part of every day, a strong antipathy developed between them. Jealousy was not the only reason for the estrangement. A medical man attached to the suite of a woman of quality was held to be no better than a superior servant, and Dr. Meryon kept his place with admirable patience and humility. Lady Hester was fond of him, but made it plain that her preference was for the other.

In his memoirs Dr. Meryon often mentions the unhappy situation, and expresses his feelings thus: "I do not like Mr. Bruce. He seems desirous of excluding me from the general party." In another letter he says: "Bruce's notions and mine are widely different on all subjects: so far, indeed, that yesterday at dinner we came to a downright quarrel." And later: "At my own solicitation she [Lady Hester] has fixed me a separate table, and until the unpleasant fellow quits us I shall take my meals by myself."

But it appeared that the unpleasant fellow had no intention of quitting, but on the contrary was determined to accompany Lady Hester to Constantinople, whither she had decided to go next.

She had conceived the bold idea of contacting Napoleon Bonaparte and gaining his confidence, afterwards sailing for England to make plans for his defeat and undoing. But through no fault of hers the daring enterprise had to be abandoned.

In mid-August, when the heat was at its worst, the ill-assorted trio left Malta and sailed for Zante. Their plan was to go from there to Patras and thence to Piræus.

Meanwhile, the number of Lady Hester's entourage had increased, to the horror of Dr. Meryon and the delight of Mr. Bruce, who was chiefly responsible for the extravagance. He boasted that he would enter Athens followed by more servants than any other Englishman had ever done before.

They travelled eight miles on horseback, from Corinth to Keukri, in picturesque procession. A guide rode in front followed by two Albanians magnificently dressed in the costume of their country. Each had a brace of silver-barrelled pistols and a silver-hilted dagger at his girdle. Then came the dragoman, the interpreter, and two Turkish servants escorting the cook in his beautiful Persian attire. Then two Greeks, whose task was to point out the principal scenic attractions. They also carried a brace of pistols each. After them came Lady Hester and Mr. Bruce, with Lord Sligo between them as their guest. Servants of various nationalities followed, some armed with blunderbusses and sabres, and a group of valets attached to Bruce and Lady Hester. Packhorses and their attendants brought up the rear.

Lady Hester's interest was not confined to personal display. She had a good knowledge of international politics in Europe and wished to know more of the Asiatic world as well.

At Brusa the baths were the fashionable centre where important women could be met, and she became a regular frequenter.

From here she wrote to a friend, General Oakes: "You must not come here or you would fall in love if you did. How beautiful are these Asiatic women! They go to the baths, fifty or five hundred together, and bathe with all their ornaments on, trinkets, I mean, and when finished they bind up their hair with flowers!"

She was fascinated by the East, and the picturesque appearance of her native servants tempted her to Orientalise all her retinue. But unforeseen circumstances stepped in.

After a stay at Constantinople she sailed for Athens. A fierce storm tossed them about for two days; the vessel sprang a leak and had to be abandoned. They took to the long-boat and after a great struggle managed to reach the southern point of the island of Rhodes. No lives were lost, but all of their possessions were.

Lady Hester's party now consisted of eleven persons. Thirty hours passed before they came to a village, and all were shivering with cold, half-naked, drenched and hungry.

When at last Lady Hester was able to reclothe her party, she adopted Oriental costume for everyone, including herself, and when they reached Alexandria the party looked as though it had stepped out of the pages of the "Arabian Nights."

The masquerade brought unpleasant consequences to poor Dr. Meryon, for he was mistaken for a wanted criminal, arrested out of hand and locked up in a squalid cell. Mr. Bruce, who by now had gained complete ascendancy over Lady Hester, openly expressed the hope that the doctor might be detained for life; but Meryon's identity was discovered next day.

The increasing hostility between the two men saddened the Doctor but drove Bruce to even more extravagant behaviour. Spoiled by a weak-minded father and given limitless wealth to squander, he lived now like a veritable Pasha, ordering whatever he wanted, organising vast parties and hunting expeditions, and hypnotising Lady Hester by the grandeur of his excesses.

She was intoxicated by him, and asked no greater happiness than to ride for ever by his side. Together they visited the Holy Land and other places.

One wonders whether her toleration of Bruce's faults was not a proof of intelligence rather than of folly. Why probe beneath the surface, when that surface offers so much happiness? What could

Dr. Meryon dressed in Oriental costume. He was medical adviser to Lady Hester Stanhope during her travels, and rival of the young Mr. Bruce

be more glorious than to travel in that historic and enchanted land, to camp in the warm Eastern nights, to bathe in cool caverns, watch the endless files of camels and the prancing of Arab steeds over the sands of the desert—all this, and at the same time to enjoy the proximity of an ardent lover ?

Rulers, governors, Pashas and Emirs made much of Lady Hester, giving gorgeous entertainments in her honour and presenting her with richly-caparisoned horses and jewelled weapons. Military reviews were held for her, and she made a striking picture as she proudly passed before the ranks of motionless and glittering warriors.

In stately procession she entered Damascus, where she was held to be a queen (Meleki), while to the soldiers of her entourage she was almost a divinity. She was a fine, bold rider, and wore arms, as they did.

Inflamed by her growing success and becoming ever fonder of this Eastern world of pageantry, she made up her mind to go to Palmyra and to enter that historic city in such triumph as to give the Arabs the impression that the glorious Zenobia had been reincarnated in her.

This exciting plan met with countless obstacles, owing to tribal feuds, rebellions, jealousies and quarrels over frontiers which made it extremely dangerous to penetrate into the territory in question. Every attempt was made to persuade Lady Hester to change her route and follow the one generally used by caravans ; but she was obstinate. She felt so confident of her prestige and influence that she spurned the idea of danger.

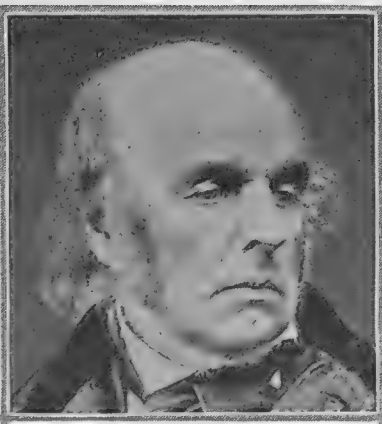
The Pasha of Damascus was ready to place a thousand men at her disposal to escort her to Palmyra. The rival Arab chief, who also had offered to escort Lady Hester through his demesne threatened to cut off the Pasha's beard and strip all his soldiers naked if they dared to show themselves.

In one of her letters Lady Hester describes the confusion caused by her decision. " In short, the Dillas and the Arabs are the only people to be feared in this part of the world, and I have them all under my thumb. But there is one thing I must make you aware of : to bungle with the Arabs is to be lost, for though they avoid shedding blood themselves, they have (*Continued on page* 52)

The vessel in which Lady Hester travelled from Constantinople to Athens, sprang a leak and had to be abandoned. She took to the long-boat, and, after a struggle, managed to reach the southern point of the island of Rhodes

SHELLEY, *the poet, could never resist making paper boats of his valuable books.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH *was an impossible bookworm, especially in the houses of his friends.*



EDWARD FITZGERALD *loved books but used to rip out pages of any he did not like*

LORD MACAULAY *could not shave himself or even tie his own neckcloth*

Bookworms Are Odd Fish

By William Moore

THE bookworm, so the Oxford Dictionary says, is a "great reader." "Humour," as Mark Twain said, "may be out of place in a dictionary," but it is also the larva of a small beetle like a whitish maggot, five-sixteenths of an inch in length, with a dark brown head. This beetle is very like its human partner, for it shows a similar discriminating taste in paper, preferring old fifteenth- and sixteenth-century books, and never risking its digestion on modern stuff.

Bookworms who read on a big scale are not so abundant as they were in recent centuries; they have not the time. This harmless habit has produced some of the oddest fish in the world from the clergyman who buried first editions in his garden under the apple tree to the poet Shelley, who could never resist making paper boats of his valuable books to sail in ponds. Shelley, by the way, although an active man, was always falling, not downstairs, but upstairs, or tripping headlong over the smoothest lawns.

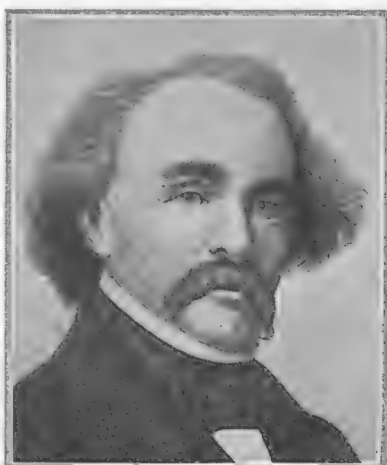
Another poet, Wordsworth, was an impossible bookworm, not only at home but in the houses of friends. Southey once asked him to dinner. He spotted some priceless books on Southey's shelves and proceeded to cut the leaves with a jammy knife, leaving messy purple stains on every page. Edward Fitzgerald, translator of Omar Khayyám, loved books but he used to rip out pages of any he did not like until his library had few whole books left. For convenience, Charles Darwin tore heavy scientific books in two and put one half in each pocket. A famous eighteenth-century reader moved his bed to the passage rather than disturb his collection of books piled from floor to ceiling. One French lunatic bought 600,000 books in his day and rented six houses to store them; he never dreamed of reading any. Another odd fish wore the same suit for twenty years to spend the money on books and often dined on a halfpenny roll.

LORD MACAULAY could not shave himself, or even tie his own neckcloth. Dr. Johnson used to touch every post he passed; if he missed one he would retrace his steps and touch it. Dickens always liked his bed pointing due north and south and actually kept a compass to be certain while on tour giving his famous readings. Zola never wrote unless he was in a darkened room. George Eliot always wore her best dress when writing *Mill on the Floss*. Kant could not go on with his philosophy unless his eyes were fixed on a ruined tower near his home. Hawthorne cut up pieces of paper and cloth while thinking out a novel. Ibsen could not write a play unless a trayful of grotesque figures was on his desk, and Ouida only wrote between five and eight o'clock in the morning.

GEORGE ELIOT *always wore her best dress when she was at work on her famous novel, "Mill on the Floss"*

De Quincy had a poor digestion and while visiting friends always had a chat with the cook. This is how he addressed an old Scotswoman. "Owing to the dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibilities of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation. Please remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal form."

Joseph Ritson, literary critic and antiquarian, was a great friend of Sir Walter Scott. They once had an argument about the height of a Roman wall in a border county. Scott said "it was high enough for the fall to break a man's back." Ritson (*Continued on page 67*)



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE *used to cut up pieces of paper and cloth while thinking out a novel*

DE QUINCY *when dining with friends always had a chat before dinner with the cook*

CHARLES DICKENS *liked his bed pointing due north and south and carried a compass when travelling*

The Be

HE came out of the woods hesitantly, as if at any moment he expected to hear the crack of a rifle or the stutter of a machine gun. The late sunlight picked him out sharply : leather flying jacket with the silver bars of an American lieutenant, stained khaki trousers, heavy shoes caked with mud from the newly ploughed fields of France. Conspicuous on the jacket was a circular insignia—a red devil riding a winged bomb. He was bareheaded; around his neck was a white scarf of parachute silk. There were fresh scratches on his face, which wore the age-old look of the hunted.

Grand'mere Labouchere saw him from the moment he left the shelter of the woods. She stood in the doorway of her cottage, her wrinkled face expressionless except for eyes black as anthracite and alive with a combination of peasant shrewdness and Gallic humour that two wars had not been able to extinguish. She watched the furtive figure begin to cross the pasture, limping slightly, but she did not move, she gave no sign of having seen. . . .

IN the farmyard the chickens scratched industriously; at the pasture gate the cow lowed softly, waiting to be milked. It was almost four years since the fall of France and yet there were still the chickens and the cow. Why? Because the Boche wanted badly to be friends. The Boche was puzzled—and frightened. His behaviour was always correct. It was so because he wanted the people to admire him. He could not understand why, having killed France, he was not beloved by the mourners for treating the corpse with respect. So he let the people keep their live stock. That, surely, proved his magnanimity. Also, he could always requisition the butter and the eggs. Ah, but the Boche was stupid. Grand'mere Labouchere knew him well, and in all the years he had not changed. But there were times when he tried to be clever.

Without turning her head the old woman spoke to her grandchild who was preparing the table for supper. "Marie, we are about to have a visitor."

The girl came up behind her without a word. She was tall and deep-breasted, and her eyes were as black as her grandmother's. She wore a gold wedding ring, but she had no husband. The Nazis had him somewhere in Germany. She looked over her grandmother's shoulder at the figure limping down from the woods. She said : "Another one." She did not seem surprised. There had been a sky battle that morning five miles up over the tranquil vineyards of Burgundy. There had been parachutes, tiny white disks blossoming against the aching blue of the sky. . . .

"I will do the talking," the older woman said.

"I am not afraid of the Boche and his new decrees," Marie said proudly. "They are no worse than the old ones. They all come to the same thing in the end—death for aiding our Allies. But I am not particularly afraid of death."

"No one is accusing you of being afraid," Grand'mere

HE inhaled on his cigarette until the glowing tip nearly touched his fingers. He made one more effort

trayal

The Young Are Impulsive, But The Aged, Not Having Much Time Left, Value It Too Much To Risk It Unnecessarily

By Arthur Gordon

Labouchere said, "but you are young. And impulsive. I am old, and have not much life left, and therefore I value it too much to risk it unnecessarily. Consequently, all the talking will be done by me. All, do you understand?"

"Yes, Grand'mere," the girl said submissively.

THE fugitive hesitated at the pasture gate. He glanced uneasily behind him. He pulled out a crumpled package of cigarettes; his hands shook slightly as he lit one. Then, squaring his shoulders in sudden decision, he opened the gate and limped straight up to the two women in the doorway.

"Good evening," he said in English. Grand'mere Labouchere looked at him impassively, and he tried it in halting French. "*Bon soir, mesdames. Je suis*—I am—American flyer." He pointed to the sky. "From up there, *comprennez?* Shot down this morning. Parachuted into a tree. See? *Descendu dans un arbre.* Scratched my face and twisted this damned ankle——"

He broke off, watching the two faces anxiously to see if he were making himself understood. He dragged deeply on his cigarette and cupped it inside his hand. The fragrant blue smoke trickled through his fingers and stained the air with an aroma that Grand'mere Labouchere had almost forgotten in four years of war. He followed her glance and hastily fished out the crumpled package. "American cigarettes, see? American. Take one; take 'em all." He proffered them eagerly. Grand'mere Labouchere's lips tightened; she shook her head.

"Look," he said desperately, "I need help. I need food and some French clothes. *Vêtements. Quelquechose à manger.*" He thrust his hand inside his scarf and pulled out a chain with metal tags. "Identity tags, *comprennez?* Lieutenant Gregory Richards, Eighth Air Force. That's me. I'm your friend; your ally. Help me. *Aidez-moi!*"

The girl turned swiftly to her grandmother. "Grand-'mere," she began.

The old woman's hand closed over her arm like an iron claw, silencing her. The fugitive looked over his shoulder as if he felt unseen pursuers closing in on him. He inhaled

on his cigarette until the glowing tip nearly touched his fingers. He made one more effort.

"I know it's dangerous for you, but if you could just give me an old coat and tell me where I am, I'll go away and stop bothering you." He pulled off his leather jacket and pointed to the insignia. "*Regardez—pas bon.* Not good. I hid my flying clothes and my parachute. But I need an old coat. *Vieux vêtements, s'il vous plait.* Please, I beg of you."

Marie stretched out her hand towards the jacket and her grandmother slapped her wrist so hard that it left a red mark. "*Non!*" she said. "*Non, non, non!*" She made a gesture towards the gate that could mean only one thing. "*Allez!*" she said. "*Allez-vous-en!*"

He saw that she was not to be persuaded. Slowly he shrugged his shoulders into the leather jacket. He limped to the gate and looked back once appealingly. Grand'mere Labouchere was watching him, her face stern and unrelenting. He opened the gate; a moment later he vanished round a bend in the road.

Marie looked at her grandmother with rage and disgust. "I would not have believed it," she said. "To save your own miserable life, you refused to help him. Worse, you would not let me help him. You are a coward, and so am I." In her fury she spat on the ground. "You have betrayed the memory of my husband. You have betrayed France!"

HALF a mile down the road the Nazi staff car drew up beside the fugitive who was no longer limping. A thin-lipped man in a black uniform was in the back seat.

"Well?" he said in German.

"Nothing," said the fugitive disgustedly. "Absolutely nothing. They would not even speak to me."

"You must have made some mistake, you fool," said the black uniform angrily. "We know that old crone and her granddaughter have helped these allied flyers. We know it! All we lack is proof, and you can't even get that. We give you a prisoner's clothes, his identity tags, even the contents of his pockets—and they still recognize you! *Mein Gott*, what stupidity! Was it your accent that betrayed you, or what?"

"My accent was perfect," snapped the other. "I lived for twelve years in the States, didn't I? And if you think you're so clever, why don't *you* try scratching your ugly face with briars and impersonating an American flyer?" He wrenched open the door and climbed into the car. "You and your bright ideas! Drive on, damn you," he said to the driver.

HALF a mile down the road the Nazi staff car drew up beside the fugitive who was no longer limping. A thin-lipped man in a black uniform was in the back seat

BACK at the cottage Marie looked sceptically at her grandmother. "But how do you *know* he was Gestapo?" she demanded. "He looked like all the others. He talked like them. He had American clothes—American cigarettes ——"

Grand'mere Labouchere smiled a little. "So he did," she said, "and they betrayed him."

"The cigarettes betrayed him?"

"Yes, because of the cigarettes I knew that he did not come from England, where cigarettes are plentiful for American flyers. I knew that he was a man who had been living inside Europe where no real tobacco is to be had—or at least that he was not the habitual smoker he pretended to be."

"And how did you know this?"

"Because of the way he held his cigarette. His fingers should have been yellow with nicotine, but they were not. They were not stained at all. He had not been smoking American cigarettes for long."

"No nicotine stains," said Marie, staring. "Such a little thing."

"It is the little things that are worth noticing," said Grand'mere Labouchere gently. "Come, let us milk the cow that the stupid Boche so kindly left us."

END

A dwarf example of the hornbeam. A native tree of this land

Grow Some Dwarf Trees

A cherry tree in flower. This specimen was imported over fifty years ago

The beech can be successfully grown in miniature

This excellent specimen of a Thuja Obtusa tree is over seventy years old and is only thirty inches high

The larch is very decorative. This one is over fifty years old

RE-FORESTATION is one of the great jobs to be carried out now that the war is over. But one need not possess broad acres to own a grove of dainty little drawf trees.

Anyone can grow them. In the tiniest back garden, or even a flat, provided an outside window ledge or balcony is available, one can grow decorative trees, one foot to eighteen inches high, in pots. These trees are fascinating to have in one's house, and they last a lifetime—and more.

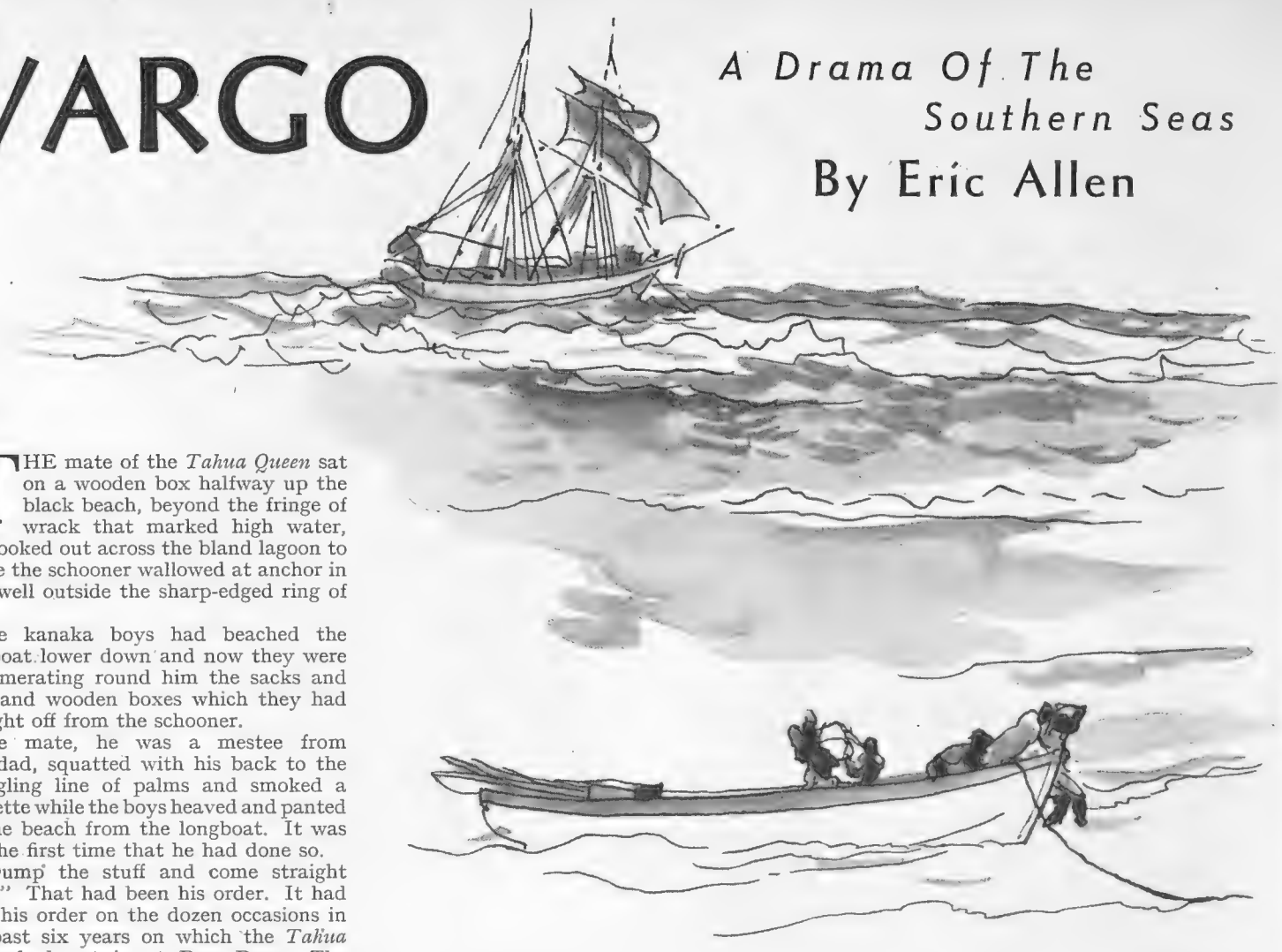
In order to start a dwarf forest the town dweller will have to make an expedition to the country, or beg the help of a country cousin. There are two ways to start, either by planting a seed, i.e. acorn, beechnut, etc., or by digging up a tiny seedling, thus gaining a year or two. Oak, beech and hornbeam are possibly the most satisfactory, but wild cherry may, and ash also do well.

Each seed should be planted in a thumb pot, with ordinary soil. Keep the soil just moist. When four to five inches high, or when planting a seedling, transplant to an earthenware seed pan or china pot or pan, glazed on the outside only. Plant *very* firmly, (*Continued on page* 62)

VARGO

A Drama Of The Southern Seas

By Eric Allen



THE mate of the *Tahua Queen* sat on a wooden box halfway up the black beach, beyond the fringe of wrack that marked high water, and looked out across the bland lagoon to where the schooner wallowed at anchor in the swell outside the sharp-edged ring of surf.

The kanaka boys had beached the longboat lower down and now they were agglomerating round him the sacks and cans and wooden boxes which they had brought off from the schooner.

The mate, he was a mestee from Trinidad, squatted with his back to the straggling line of palms and smoked a cigarette while the boys heaved and panted up the beach from the longboat. It was not the first time that he had done so.

"Dump the stuff and come straight back." That had been his order. It had been his order on the dozen occasions in the past six years on which the *Tahua Queen* had put in at Pava-Pava. The skipper himself had never gone ashore, and the mate had never gone further inland than the spot above high water where the boys piled the longboat's load. He had often wished to do so but had always felt uncomfortably certain that any move of his would be seen from the schooner, and its skipper, as he well knew, was not a man who encouraged initiative on the part of his officers.

He had left the skipper leaning amidships with his jacketed forearms laid along the rail and his sunken eyes focused on the trickle of smoke that rose up unwaveringly from behind the palms.

THE mate had often wondered about that smoke, as he had about the purpose of their periodic visits to this nursling island. It was a queer affair altogether; but it was Vargo's business, not his, and Vargo's business often was queer.

The mestee mate was certain that Vargo's eyes were on him as he sat there. That did not worry him. He was carrying out his orders, and so long as a man did that he had nothing to fear from Vargo. But he also felt that other eyes were watching him too. The feeling of watching eyes behind him came so strong and so insistent that it made him spin his head swiftly as though he had heard upcreeping footsteps. He stared, crumpling the tight-stretched yellow skin around his eyes. A woman had come through the thin grove of palms behind which the smoke spun up and was walking down the beach towards him. He did not move, or take the cigarette from his mouth as she approached. He waited, watching her.

She was not a young woman, nor, had she been, would she have tickled the mate's fancy. Her nose was too large and her mouth too wide. She wore her hair coiled into a knot at the nape of her neck. Her frock was quite short, but old-fashioned. She wore no stockings, the mate noticed.

She came up close to him and stopped. She said:

"I want you to take me out to the schooner."

The mate looked her up and down.

"And who might you be?"

"Would you take me to Captain Vargo, please. It is very important. I must speak to him."

The mate unpicked the half inch of cigarette from between his thick lips and flicked it away.

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

"I dunno about that. My orders is to unload this stuff and get straight back."

"Please," she said. "I have got to see him. I must. It is vital."

"I dunno nothing 'bout that. I got my orders. Ain't nothing in my orders 'bout taking no-one back. Who *are* you?"

The woman clenched her two fists and held them together.

"Then tell him. Will you tell him? I don't wish to see him for my own sake. Tell him that. But there are others. There has been a wreck. There are other people on the island."

"A wreck?"

"Will you please tell him that and say that I must see him."

The mate shrugged. "Sure. I'll tell him."

The kanaka boys had finished unloading the boat. Now they lay sprawled on the sand, resting, and looking at the mate and the woman with wide incurious eyes. The mate got up from his box.

"I'll tell him," he said again.

He turned his back on the woman and began to slouch down the beach towards the longboat.

She watched him. She saw the boys pile into the boat and then push off. She watched it across the lagoon, and then saw it buck like a porpoise, flipping up its stern, as it rode the reef where the surf crackled and spluttered like a blazing thorn hedge round some jungle encampment.

She still waited, for five minutes, ten minutes, but she did not see the boat put out from the schooner again. She sighed, and then turned and began to walk back towards the palms.

A pathway of crushed coral, pinkish white like plaster, led up to a clapboard bungalow with a tin roof. A little truck garden had been made there in a clearing, with vegetables prim and neat in lines like the pattern on a sampler. Hibiscus grew there too, and homelike sinnias. There was no sound except the trickle and splash of hidden water and the brisk tap-tap as the younger of the two men on the bungalow's veranda knocked out his pipe against its wooden rail.

It was the older man who spoke to the woman as she climbed the two steps on to the veranda. He was a small man with his almost boyish body enclosed in well-worn but tidy ducks. His face was as brown as a piece of mahogany, and his hands too. He had a lot of hair, milk white, and fluffy like boll cotton.

"Well?"

The woman shook her head. "He

wouldn't take me. He was insolent. But he promised to tell Vargo."

"You should have let me go," said the younger man. "I would have talked to him."

"No. No." she said. "You don't know this man. I could have made him listen . . . perhaps." She smiled, and when she smiled her face lost twenty years. "But there is still time. We must watch to see if he puts out the boat again."

The young man had got up from his rattan chair. He tramped to the end of the veranda and back, impatiently.

"But it is absurd. He must take us off."

"Must?" The older man smiled gently. "There is no must where Vargo is concerned. He is the kind who has to be king of his own small castle."

"He will have to talk to one of us," the woman said. "That is certain. He could not go away without knowing. He would be afraid. So let us be patient."

She went through the open door of the bungalow into an inner room. The old man got up and moved towards the door also.

"Helen is right. He could not go away, now that he knows you are here. He would be afraid for his secret."

Left alone, the young man went back to his chair and sprawled himself in it with legs out-thrust.

It was a fantastic affair. Fantastic. And the little which the professor had told him last night had served only to add to its queerness.

He and the professor had gone out on to the veranda after the evening meal. It was their habit, yet last night he had suspected that the evening was to be different from all the other evenings. The professor had been gravely silent throughout the meal, and then, afterwards on the veranda, he had sat for a long time sucking at his pipe without speaking.

At last he had said, "You have been very patient, and very generous. You have asked us no questions, and yet you

The woman came up close to him and stopped. She said: "Would you take me to Captain Vargo, please. It is very important. I must speak to him"

must have wondered. It has been a long time now. Eleven weeks, is it not?"

"Yes. Eleven weeks."

Eleven weeks.

That first afternoon. The hurricane still lashing its tail pettishly and growling to itself, and he dragging himself out of the water on to the beach. And then this small man with the hair bursting through his head like cotton from its pod. Taking him up to the bungalow. His amazement at seeing it—no castaway's hut, but a sectional bungalow with smoke rising from its chimney. And the woman on the veranda.

Then, later, when he had rested and eaten, and was wearing again his now-dried clothes, the woman coming into the room with a girl—a young girl—not more than eighteen or nineteen, and saying simply, "This is Ruth, my daughter."

And then in the weeks that followed, learning to know them, learning to love them, the gentle, kind old man and the woman who became a girl when she smiled. And Ruth.

But learning about them nothing . . . or almost nothing.

Raymond Davies, an American by birth, one time professor of English Literature at an Australian university. Helen of the quiet smile. Ruth.

They had been on the island for almost twenty years. Ruth had been born seven months after the professor and her mother first came. But the professor had not told him why they had come.

Ruth. She, like her mother, was less than beautiful, yet, also like her mother, at the same time somehow more than beautiful. She had her mother's wide mouth, but not her mother's dark hair nor the professor's dark brown eyes. Her hair was blonde and her eyes were clear blue. The skin of her slim, straight body was burned to a golden, honey colour.

But it was the bubbling life of her. The vitality in her movements and in her darting eyes. He had never met a person who was so very much alive. She was all light, and swift, sparkling sunshine.

"It's hard to believe that she has spent her life on this island," he had said to the professor.

And it was. She was not shy or timid. She spoke as any educated girl would.

"We have done our best," the professor had said. "She has had books. I have taught her what I could."

He had wanted to know more. He had wanted to know why. But until last night the professor had told him nothing; and, even then, had not told all.

"You know, of course," the professor had said, "that a schooner leaves supplies for us every six months."

"Yes. Helen told me."

"I sighted it before dinner. It will anchor outside the reef tonight and land the supplies in the morning."

"Oh!" he had said.

And then the professor: "Vargo is not aware of Ruth's existence."

"Vargo?"

"He is the schooner's captain. He brought us here. He brought us against our wills. Marooned us here. And he will not take us away."

Saying nothing, waiting for the professor to go on.

"We would not leave here, Helen and I, even could we do so. Not now. There was a time . . . but now we have been here too long. Twenty years. We would be afraid to go back now, to face a world about which we know nothing."

Still (*Continued on page* 58)

"Ruth, this is Captain Vargo. He is going to take us off with him"

SAID WITH A SHELL

For centuries, the shell has played a dominant rôle in Art and Decoration. It has been a source of inspiration to poet, painter, woodcarver, and potter. During the eighteenth century, the shell reached a height of popularity and fame unprecedented in its history. To collect shells became a madly fashionable pastime and rare specimens were highly priced. Shell grottoes, shell flowers, shell plaques—all were made and treasured by leisured ladies. Sheraton took the scallop shell as a personal signature for some of his work. It can be seen to-day ornamenting a walnut tea-caddy or elegant gilt mirror. In our time, we turn to the shell again as a charming and favourite design in the world of modern textiles, table and ornamental china.

1. The shell-theme in textiles. Shell-patterned glazed chintz, pink on a cinnamon background. (This and other glazed chintzes are not yet available for home markets.) 2. An exquisite basket of shell-flowers, conceived and made by some lady of leisure in the eighteenth century; now preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum. 3. Shell-shaped alcoves, or niches, were a characteristic feature of many Georgian houses. In them, ladies of the period placed their china or their shell collection. 4. Shells and flowers combine harmoniously. A white-shell-shaped pottery bowl for floating flowers.

Coming Along In The Near Future Is . . .

PREFABRICATED FURNITURE

WITH prefabrication turning up in the realm of furniture as well as building, you can almost say that life is just a box of bricks.

It all goes to show that the principle of prefabrication, whether applied to houses or tables and chairs, is capable of the most astonishing development, and that we can possibly look to the day when the same principle will enable us to knock up a few prefabricated dressmaking parts into a stunning little model.

In the meantime, there is furniture. "Package" furniture, the Americans call it, because you can put it together yourself, though the particular variety of "build your own" furniture with which I am concerned here is not American at all but Swedish. That is one reason why we can't get it in any great quantity for the moment. But it points a trend.

There are two obvious advantages about furniture which you build yourself, as opposed to furniture which someone else puts together for you.

In the first place, there is the thrill of creating something yourself, of giving that personal touch to your surroundings which can only be fully achieved when some of the components are labelled "all my own work."

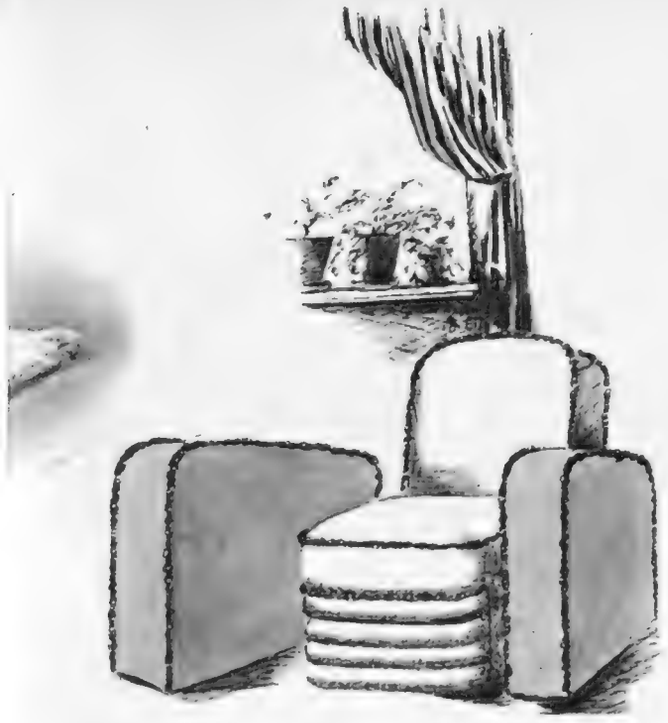
The second important asset in connection with prefabricated furniture is its adaptability.

The simple facts about this revolutionary departure in house furnishing are these:

All the essential parts for this simple, but well-designed, furniture are made at the factory. The components for each individual piece are supplied to the purchaser with simple instructions for assembly. A little aptitude with a screwdriver is all you need to put the parts together.

The first two series of furniture to be put out under this system consist mainly of chairs, tables and cupboards for bedrooms and sitting-rooms. Some pieces are carried out in elm and birch, others in elm with parts in dull-green lacquer.

This is a double cupboard for a bedroom from the series of ready-to-assemble furniture which is shortly to be available in this country. The cupboard is carried out in elm and birchwood, and is fitted with eight movable shelves or two movable shelves and four movable sliding trays. Nordiska Companiet, Stockholm.



BY WINIFRED LEWIS

All the designs have been created by an architect who has devoted special study to the shaping and furnishing of the home. For instance, every cupboard in the series has been built bearing in mind what it is to be used for, and with accommodation designed accordingly.

It must be emphasised that, like almost everything else, this furniture cannot be supplied to the public at once. Every effort is being made to increase the supply, and there is good reason to hope that it will be available before long.

Still another kind of prefabricated furniture is coming along fast. This is a combination of the two systems of unit design and prefabrication. In this case you don't assemble the furniture yourself, but you adapt it to different combinations of size and shape and colour effect, according to the space available and the needs of the moment.

Easy chairs and settees which come apart and go together again in just the size and shape required of them are something to think about.

These new unit-construction chairs are war babies, because the technique of their metal-frame construction evolved from experience of modern aircraft design practice. In technical jargon, the frames are of welded tubular British steel and aircraft light alloys connected by chromium wing-nuts and bolts, which is just another way of saying that the frames are as strong as a British aeroplane and *light*.

A combination of compression and tension springs gives something very special in the way of comfort. But other chairs are comfortable, whereas these particular ones have something the others haven't got—and that is adaptability.

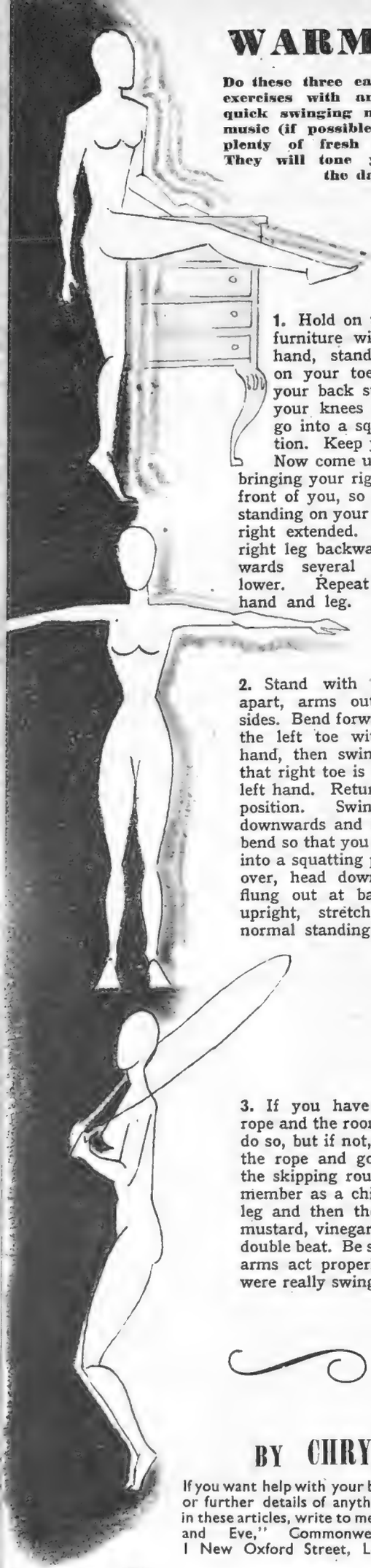
By combining arms and seats—and these can be removed in a few seconds, as our pictures show—suites can be assembled in a few minutes. If you happen to want it that way, you can make a settee larger by three or four seats, by combining it with an easy chair. On the other hand, if you are more in need of chairs than of a settee, you can convert the settee, by a few simple movements, into a series of comfortable easy chairs.

Neither settee nor chairs need have arms at all. They are complete and attractive by themselves and comfortable as ample proportions and springs perfectly balanced to meet the body line at the right points can make them.

Across the top of the page are illustrations of the new unit construction for easy chairs. Where, in fact, the seats and arms are separate units which can be arranged in various combinations of size, shape and colouring to meet personal needs and tastes. For the first time standard loose covers are being made for these and other chairs by the same makers. Below : Sweden will be sending us attractive and durable prefabricated furniture for assembling in the home. Here you see how simple it is to screw the parts together.

WARM UP

Do these three early-morning exercises with an easy, yet quick swinging movement to music (if possible) and with plenty of fresh air about. They will tone you up for the day



1. Hold on to a piece of furniture with your left hand, standing upright on your toes. Keeping your back straight, bend your knees so that you go into a squatting position. Keep your chin in. Now come upright again, bringing your right leg out in front of you, so that you are standing on your left leg, your right extended. Swing your right leg backwards and forwards several times, then lower. Repeat with other hand and leg.

2. Stand with feet slightly apart, arms outstretched at sides. Bend forward, touching the left toe with the right hand, then swing around so that right toe is touched with left hand. Return to starting position. Swing the arms downwards and let the knees bend so that you are collapsed into a squatting position, bent over, head down, and arms flung out at back. Swing upright, stretch, relax into normal standing position.

3. If you have a skipping-rope and the room to swing it, do so, but if not, just imagine the rope and go through all the skipping routines you remember as a child, slow, one leg and then the other, salt, mustard, vinegar, pepper, and double beat. Be sure that your arms act properly, as if you were really swinging the rope.

BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

HEALTH

NO-

NO aches and pains. Most people lump all the odd aches and pains of winter together under the heading "Rheumatism" and accept them. These twinges are warnings which must be heeded. Aspirin (acetyl-salicylic acid) is not only a relief from pain, but is said to counter the cause of some types of rheumatism.

Iodex ointment is another help if massaged in thoroughly. Other aches and pains may be due to a seizing-up of joints which a qualified osteopath or manipulative surgeon can easily remedy.

Some twinges need complete rest and warmth. Do not try to be hardy. Avoid getting damp; if possible, keep indoors in bad weather. Do not take too much strong tea or coffee. Too much bread, heavy puddings and starchy foods may overload the system with toxins that aggravate the cause of the aches. Make sure that you have regular and perfect elimination—to avoid any extra poisons in the body.

If your pain is consistent, however, go to your doctor.

NO sore throats. There are sore throats which are due to debility, fatigue and poisons coming from teeth or tonsils. If you are constantly getting a sore throat which is not the short warning of an oncoming cold, or some other infection, then go to your doctor and make sure that you are not anæmic.

If you must gargle frequently, use a mild antiseptic or a soothing gargle. If your throat shows any signs of fatigue, stop talking.

And to keep your throat healthy, look to your physical health, avoid accumulation of poisons in the system, keep mouth thoroughly clean, and see there is no infection coming from teeth or tonsils.

NO colds. A reader tells us she avoided colds last winter by starting a course of Halibut Liver Oil capsules in November and continuing them through the winter. Another course of tablets claims to make you immune—Serocalcin. Make your choice: it is worth trying one of these.

Avoid contagion. Remember that germs from speaking, coughs and sneezes travel four, eight and twelve feet. If you have been in contact, gargle and clean out the nasal passages. Never frequent crowded places when you are tired, hungry, or feeling off-colour; the body, if low in vitality, will fall victim to stray germs very easily.

Do not inflame the membranes of the throat with strong gargles and constant inhalants during the winter. This is more of a danger than a help. A gentle scrubbing of the back of the tongue will clear off a number of germs. Keep your feet dry and yourself warm—preferably with a good circulation rather than thick layers of woollies. Use cinnamon as an immediate treatment at the first prickle in your throat; cut down your food and smoking, take an aperient.

vember — But

BEAUTY

NO chapped hands unless you elect to go out into an icy world with hands which are wet or damp; this is quite possible if you are hanging out a little washing or doing some gardening.

Wear gloves for your winter gardening, for all out-of-door work, and, if you cannot hang out clothes with gloves on, dry hands thoroughly with a dusting of oatmeal (a tiny cheese-cloth bag filled with it) and then grease the backs of your hands.

Even if your hands feel warm centrally, keep your gloves on when out of doors, because your skin will chap. Glycerine (and preparations containing it) will make your hands lovely, soft and white in the summer, but in the winter that very softness—which is a sort of moistness—makes them chap easily and crack.

Good hand creams are a little easier to obtain now. You often see Peggy Sage and Cupex creams in stores and chemists, so there is no excuse for not keeping the skin of your hands nourished.

An impoverished skin cannot stand cold weather. Use a hand cream twice a week at least, oftener if your hands look worn.

NO blue legs. Grandmother had lovely, smooth white legs—although few people ever saw them—which seems to point to the fact that legs wear better under more protection than silk stockings. And, judging from the number of legs which one sees nowadays with purple, red and blue patches patterning the calf, it is evident that the unsightliness of legs has increased with the shortage of stockings and the more common habit of keeping legs stockingless far into the winter and early in the spring.

Legs do not improve from exposure in the cooler weather, and although a face which is out of doors in all weathers gets a russet-weathered tan (plus its red veins), legs only go blue and get purple patches.

The thicker stockings are in winter, the better for the appearance of your legs when summer temperatures free them from stockings. Woollen stockings worn throughout the winter are almost a beauty treatment, as the wool is rougher on your skin and it stimulates the circulation, lessens the growth of hair, and helps to eliminate gooseflesh.

But if you abhor woollen stockings in any weather, at least keep your legs warmly clad, and do not forget to apply a friction stimulation yourself, with a brisk upward massage, once a day. Remember, other people see the backs of your legs even if you do not.

NO winter skin. There are two types of reaction to winter's iciness, the most common and disastrous being the pink-into-ruby, red-veined complexion of the English rose. The other, easily repaired when warm weather comes, is the lined, pinched, dry skin at its winter worst.

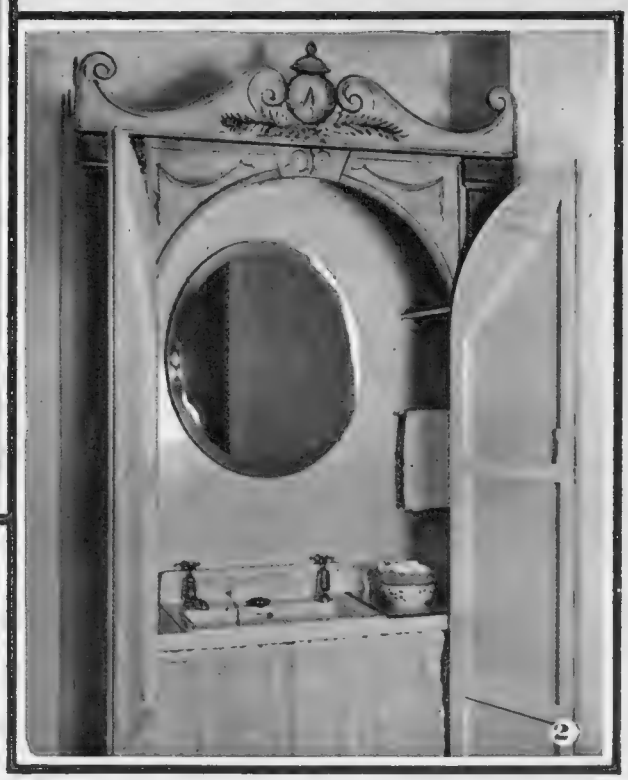
Both skins need ample application of skin food. The pinched skin can be steamed before the skin food is applied; also it can be stimulated with pattings, massage and mild, stimulating skin tonics.

The red-veined rosiness, however, needs gentle treatment, and although you can warm the skin with warm water before applying skin food, you must never apply actual burning heat.

Sitting in front of the fire without a protective make-up is just as bad as going out into the snowstorm. The protective make-up is the secret of restraining the red veins.

A heavy foundation cream under your powder (with even a tiny smear of skin food first, if it is snowing) can so coat the skin that it does not feel the worst of the weather.

This is your first consideration, and it is essential, because the harm which winter might do to your skin, unprotected, cannot be remedied in the summer with a little care, and you can face all weathers without a qualm.



1. Fold-away doors which make the dining-room and the living-room one are survivals of the Victorian Age, but modern architects have brought them back, in a better form, to give more spaciousness to the small house. 2. The bedroom wash-basin is not a beautiful object, but in this case strikingly decorated doors have been erected to screen its homely features when not in use. 3. A nest of drawers, one of which gives access to the next room. This is used as a cocktail bar, but would do equally well for china and cutlery. 4. This is a perfectly simple built-in wardrobe cupboard, but the delicately ornamented doors bring it into line with the luxurious bed

A wrought-iron gate and an eighteenth-century doorway promise a lovely interior

FROM DOOR

Doors have as much personality and as much power to intrigue as we care to give them credit for. They can be used to screen that which is better unseen or they can be used as a kind of introduction to good things. At the same time, they have purely utilitarian uses which are not always fully appreciated. Front doors give a foretaste of what the inside of a house has to offer. They can be depressing or warming, and equally so whether the house is simple and small or impressive and rich. Doors of all

5. Our climate has been blamed, unjustly, for the failure to develop the verandah and the terrace as a feature of our national architecture. Lately, the possibilities of the sheltered sun-porch have begun to appear and "the door into the garden" has come to have a new meaning for the English house which is about to take advantage of such good weather as the climate affords. Here is a typical modern example of the French casement door which opens on to a sheltered suntrap verandah. 6. The all-glass door is a newcomer with a big future, both in the sense of decoration and utility. This front door of opaque glass admits abundant natural lighting to a narrow entrance-hall

TO DOOR

kinds may, in fact, be beautiful or merely practical, but, in either case, they have unlimited powers to confer charm and comfort wherever their services are imaginatively employed. Here, in a tour from door to door, we have spotlighted ideas and decorations which give a new value to the hole in the wall. Among this collection are doors some of which enhance the spaciousness of small houses; others give additional cosiness where it is most needed and, in some cases, conceal essential practical equipment.

The open door to a 1945 home gives the keynote of slick efficiency united with charm

ON THE MAKE

Things to occupy your fingers and thoughts during the winter evenings. No patterns and no particular skill are needed for these notions, which will stimulate your home or solve the presents problem for your friends

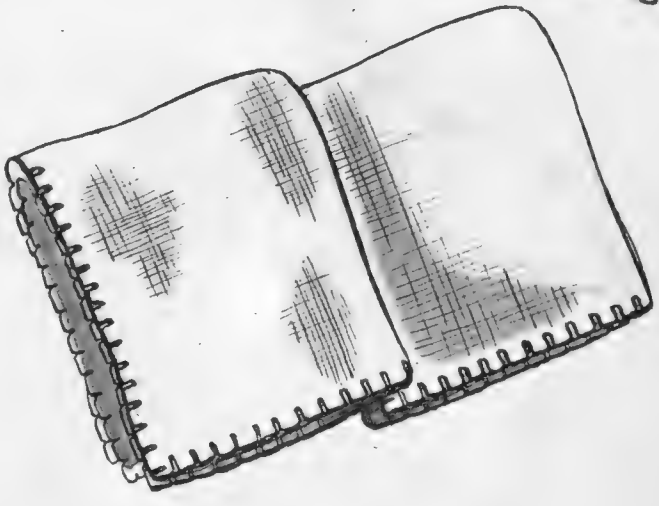
Unrationed plastic fabric, in charming colours, is appearing in all the shops. Supple and drapey, with a surface like oiled silk, it is a good medium for making neat and pretty aprons, which can be wiped clean with a damp cloth. A straight skirt, gathered into a bib-front, makes this little affair. The bold flower decoration is cut from a contrast plastic fabric and stuck on to the surface with rubber solution.

Glamorise shabby trays by stripping off paint and stain with a solution of sugar soap. When the surface is clean and dry, rub it down thoroughly with sandpaper, repaint with an undercoat of new colour and finish with a lacquer paint. The outline of a flower motif traced on to the surface can be filled in with colour, or, alternatively, cut-out flower pictures can be stuck on and varnished.

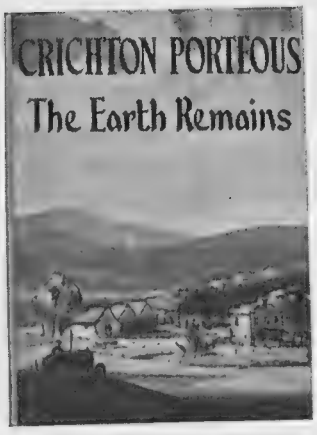
Right : Flower prints from Victorian horticultural publications make colourful wall decorations. Here four prints of a similar shape have been pasted on to a coloured background of wallpaper. As a frame for the group, heavy coloured cord is lightly tacked to the wall all around the outside margin. The corners can be left plain, or finished with a light twist made from short lengths of the cord and tacked in place. This arrangement is attractive over a low bedhead or in a recess.

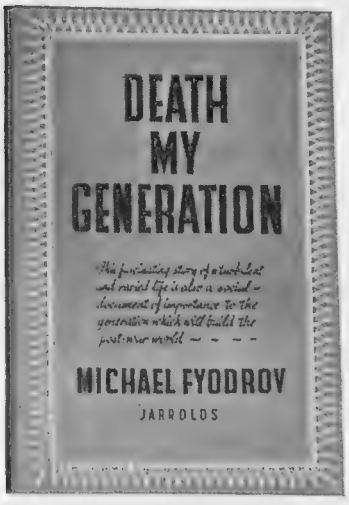
Butter muslin makes delicate and graceful lampshades. This one, fitted on an old frame, is made from a straight length of muslin arranged in flat pleats, with a coloured bind at the top and bottom edges. The bind should be attached after the pleats are ironed in, to hold them flat, before the two ends of the material are joined.

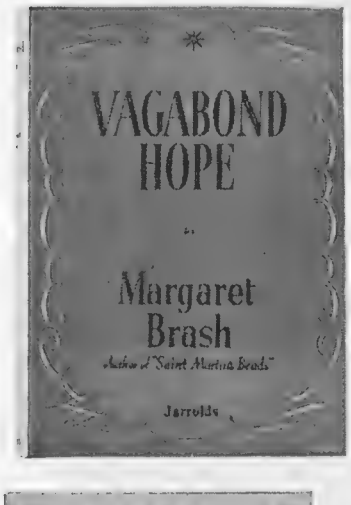
A neat and inexpensive little gift for the home or for your friends—dusters made from meat-cloth, which can be bought from some butchers. Cut the material into squares and use it double. Turn in the two facing edges and fasten down with a double row of machine stitching. With coloured wool, or a heavy crochet silk, blanket stitch all round the edges boldly. You can work an initial in one corner.

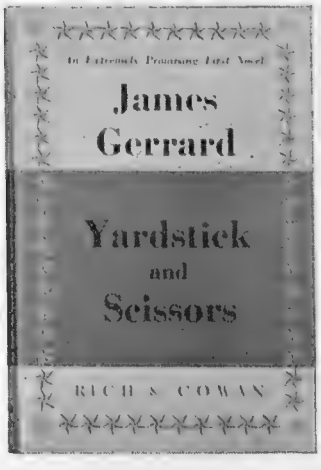


Books: *Reviewed by Alan Seymour*









IT is almost exactly six years since, on joining the Army, I wrote my last article for BRITANNIA AND EVE on the month's new books. But it is far longer than six years since I read a more promising first novel than "Yardstick and Scissors," by James Gerrard (Rich and Cowan, 9s.).

Here is a writer who fuses plot and craftsmanship into a nicely balanced blend which results in a noble and powerful book.

Paul Marsh, Mr. Gerrard's hero, is a self-made master draper, obsessed by his own achievements. In his youth, he has loved unwisely and the episode haunts him all his days. At the apex of his success, he learns that Alan, his son, has committed the self-same sin.

Alan's doting mother believes his protestations of innocence and mistakes her husband's horror at his selfish attitude as a clumsy attempt to shift his own guilt on to his son. They leave him and in the midst of his anguish Paul Marsh suddenly perceives a way of atonement for his own past. He shoulders his cross and braves the scorn of his fellows. His businesses fail and his world crumbles about him.

When his fortunes are at their lowest ebb a fresh challenge confronts him. The remaining spark of his spirit is fanned anew and he fights back and ultimately his troubled soul finds peace.

"Yardstick and Scissors" is a distinguished piece of writing and even now I feel as though I can see it "done into celluloid."

TO read the letter to a young playwright which Clifford Bax entitles "Whither the Theatre . . .?" (Home & Van Thal, 3s. 6d.) is to realize that it is futile to embark upon a playwriting career unless one has an *instinct* for the writing of plays.

And even then, if we are to believe Mr. Bax, one shouldn't write plays unless one is a glutton for frustration.

But the author defeats his own object, for his book is so chock-full of sound advice to the aspiring playwright that I recommend it unstintingly to all such—and not less to established playwrights.

ANOTHER Gladys Mitchell mystery is always a literary event—and an eventful piece of literature.

In "The Rising of the Moon" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), Miss Mitchell thrills and baffles and then surprises us in her best manner.

The fact that the murderers (and there are plenty of them in Miss Mitchell's latest spine-chiller) are unravelled for us through the eyes of a couple of imaginative schoolboys adds enormously to the originality and suspense of the tale.

In "Lucifer and the Child" (Jarrolds, 9s.), Ethel Mannin gives us a sensitively wrought study of an enigma, half child, half witch. I found the story of Jenny Flower and her association with the Dark Stranger absorbing—but no less absorbing than that other enigma, the author herself. One half of her effects she achieves by disarming forthrightness and the remainder by delicate implication. There are moments when Miss Mannin's forthrightness seems self-conscious (as in the instance of one jarring embellishment on page 97) but most of the time it gives her work an air of sincerity without which it would have been impossible to write so deeply moving a story on such an elusive theme. To me at least, she is even more powerful in her moments of implication than in her moments of forthrightness.

The title of Jane Lane's latest novel, "Gin and Bitters" (Dakers, 10s. 6d.) is apt to mislead, for although gin plays a not unimportant part in her story, there is nothing frivolous about it. Her setting is the City of London during the years 1690 to 1720 and her characters are the ordinary men and women of that time.

In this thoughtful book, Miss Lane tells us of the impact upon the lives of those ordinary men and women of gin, through Dutch influence resulting from William of Orange's arrival to usurp the throne. The bitters of her story are the (*Continued on page* 62)

A Pepys of To-day

TO read Charles Graves's **"Pride of the Morning"** (Hutchinson, 15s.), is just as exciting as it is to read some stranger's letter over his shoulder in the Tube!

The same feeling of prying into someone else's personal affairs characterizes both experiences, with the additional attraction in Mr. Graves's case that his personal affairs are never boring.

It was not until I had got half-way through his vivacious diary that I discovered the secret of the fascination of this book. In reality it is *he* who is looking over *our* shoulders and it is *our* affairs that he chronicles against the background of his own daily life.

In the three previous volumes of his diary of war-time life in Britain, the author took us up to November, 1943. "Pride of the Morning" continues this daily record up to within three weeks of last Christmas—surely one of the most enthralling periods in all history.

Here, unaffectedly—almost laconically—he sets down the Londoner's momentous day-to-day (and night-to-night) reactions to bombs and doodlebugs, to the war news and to conditions on the Home Front generally; and through it all there run his own knife-edged observations on all that he sees and hears and reads.

This is the sort of diary that every man would like to be able to call his own.

Auditorium and Stage from Lower Circle as it is to-day. The theatre was re-opened in May 1943 and is now under the auspices of C.E.M.A. (On left) The original entrance of the Theatre. From a photograph taken in 1887

England's Oldest Theatre

The Theatre Royal at Bristol

By Wilma Buckley

DURING a radio "quiz," not long ago, the question was raised as to which was the oldest theatre in England. Many listeners (including myself) were surprised at the verdict in favour of Bristol's Theatre Royal . . . but this is, in truth, the oldest English building of its kind with a continuous existence as a theatre. In London, famed Drury Lane, a far older construction originally, had been totally destroyed by fire and completely rebuilt.

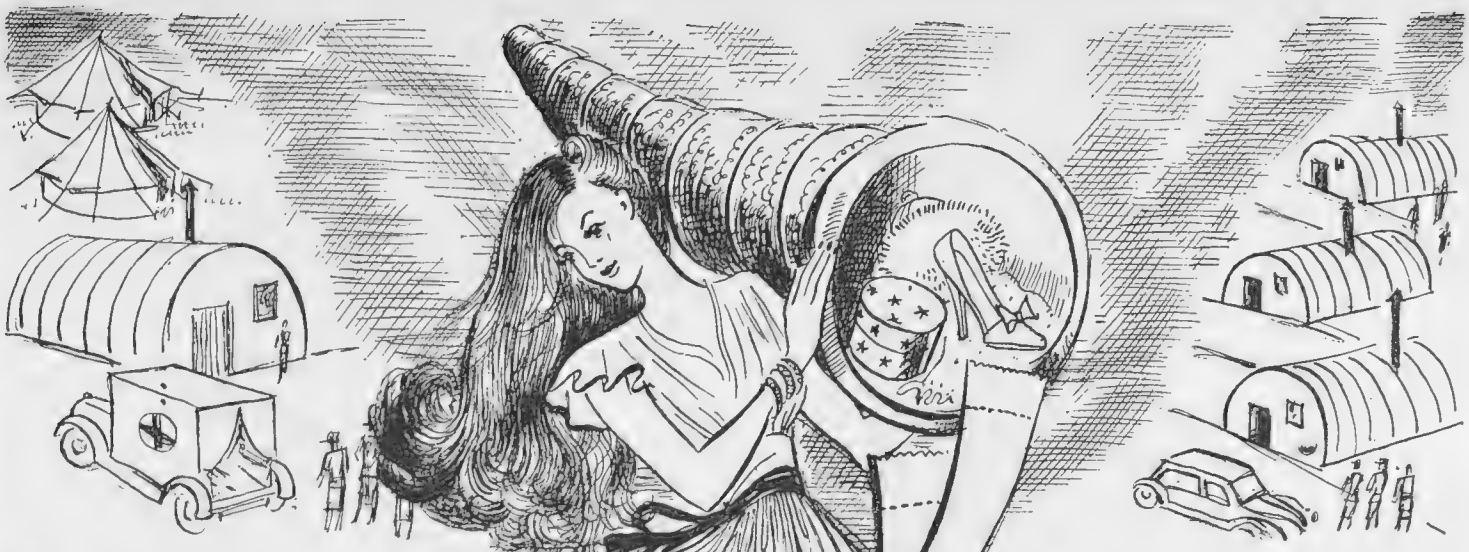
Wintry months bring wintry pursuits and pastimes in their train; the theatre, warm and lighted, comes into its own and the approach of Christmas and its entertainments adds a lustre to the spell of the footlights. Theatre-minded and finding myself near Bristol, I decided to examine this recently brought-to-mind, eighteenth-century survival in escapist mood from the rigours of a new age.

Lovers of the past, of the romantic, could not ask for more nostalgic surroundings than those which ring the Theatre Royal. Set in King Street—which begins with an L-shaped cluster of pink-washed and gabled seventeenth-century almshouses, their courtyard disintegrating into blitzed ruins ablaze in summer with fireweed, and ends in a wharf (characteristic of so many Bristol streets), fringed with posts and chains—the Theatre faces old, half-timbered buildings and gone-down-in-the-world Georgian houses, shell-porched or pedimented. Nearby stands the tree-shaded, aristocratic Queen Square, still, in spite of its intruding warehouses, reminiscent of the Augustan Age; the heavily timbered, seventeenth-century Llandoger Trow, historic inn to which, so says tradition, once ran an underground passage from the Theatre itself . . . for what purpose it is only possible to conjecture.

The Theatre's unhappily Edwardian façade is to be ignored; I hurried inside and was instantly rewarded. Being granted permission to wander at will, on this mid-morning excursion with the stage given over only to cleaners and scene-shifters, I savoured to the full the haunted, evocative loneliness, the ghostly, half-lighted, ambience of this enchantingly eighteenth-century auditorium . . . probably the first "horseshoe" auditorium in England. Circles, boxes, balustrades; slender, fluted pillars, are painted in pale sea-green and gold; over the Royal Box, over the proscenium, the Royal Arms goldenly proclaims itself. And overhead blazes the richly gilt-encrusted ceiling in all its original splendour.

The Royal Box and a Proscenium Door. The theatre has been decorated under the direction of Mr. J. Ralph Edwards, in tones of green with a background of delicate pink

Behind the scenes remain traces of the Theatre's origins: cat-walks above the flies, scene-shifting gear, under-stage machinery, the "thunder-run" (for "noises off") . . . all these, though renewed and repaired, yet retain vestiges of their original construction. Indications can yet be seen of the apron stage which once extended over to-day's (*Continued on page* 68)



On Duty & Off

by Jane Gordon

FACES and figures are made or marred in the nursery. Almost every minor facial or figure deformity which cannot be altered in grown-up people could have been prevented or cured in the nursery. How many people do you know whose good looks are spoiled by a receding chin or a weak jaw line which gives way to a double chin with advancing years? How often do you walk along the street and see a short skirt exposing slightly bowed legs or knock knees, and how many of your friends wear dentures after the age of thirty? Do you realize that all this ugliness could have been prevented or cured in childhood?

On Duty

The child who breathes through its mouth is in danger of growing up with sticking-out teeth and a receding chin. Special breathing exercises should be given a fair trial, and if these fail, an ear, nose and throat specialist should be consulted. Exercises for children include mouth shutting exercises. The object is to teach the child to keep its mouth shut. The lips are pursed together and the child can hum a tune or, in the case of a very small child, it can be allowed to make any noise which amuses it, so long as the lips are kept pursed up. One nostril breathing is another good exercise. The child presses a finger against one nostril and breathes evenly in and out through the other. The mouth must, of course, be kept closed. It is most important that the child is shown how to breathe out as deeply and evenly as it breathes in. After several breathings the other nostril is closed, and the breathing reversed.

A child whose nose is inclined to be thick and flattened should be shown how to wrinkle the nose. The object is to keep the muscles mobile and so mould the shape of the nose.

A good jaw line depends entirely on strong, healthy, regular teeth, and a sufficient amount of bone-forming food during nursery years. The baby who sucks a dummy or the child who sucks its thumb is likely to grow up with an ugly mouth and a weak jaw line. Quite apart from this, continued sucking is extremely bad for the digestion. It is most important that children should be taught to chew food on both sides of the mouth. Teeth and jaws should be given plenty of exercise each day by some scrunchy food being added to the diet. Apples, of course, are the best example of this type of food.

It may be purely coincidence, but in spite of children's orange juice and cod liver oil it seems to me that I have seen more cases of rickets during the past two years than in the pre-war period. This childish disease is apt to destroy all hopes of a good figure later in life, as it produces knock knees, bow legs, pigeon chests and round shoulders. Apart from sunshine and the vitamins provided by orange juice and cod liver oil children need egg yolk, summer butter and cream, as well as milk. It is foolish to think that a child will grow out of knock knees or bow legs. A specialist should be consulted, who will recommend the right treatment.

There are a great many mothers who do not realize the cosmetic damage which may be the result of various infectious diseases, and it is a great pity when measles, chicken pox and whooping cough are allowed to leave a life-long reminder in the form of scanty eyelashes, pock-marked complexion or a bad figure. Pock marks after chicken pox can be prevented by lightly binding the child's arms to prevent scratching. A child with measles should be prevented from rubbing the eyes, and bright lights should be avoided. Long bouts of coughing may affect a child's chest, leaving a deformity known as funnel chest, and after a bad case of whooping cough special exercises are often recommended.

We were dining to celebrate a special occasion and I had just been helped to a portion of veal almost an inch thick and most delicately fried to a delightful golden brown shade. There were also chip potatoes, crisp as daisies and sizzling hot. A well-known artist sitting next to me was making conversation, and when he paused for breath I remarked in ecstatic tones: "I have not seen anything like this for years. Isn't it delicious?" Although he agreed with me politely, he continued to describe the beauties of Spain. For the first time in my life I sympathized with the surly old farmer who reproached an aunt of mine at some banquet. When she tried to make conversation to him he remarked firmly: "I always thinks it is very rude to talk when a person is trying to eat." In these days it seems to me meat should be accorded the same respect as rare wine. It should be discussed minutely, enjoyed wholeheartedly, and not just taken for granted as if it were any piece of the usual slightly stale fish.

Off Duty

TUCKED away in a tiny street off Park Lane, there is a fascinating shop which, in pre-war days, used to trade in Berkeley Street. I paid a visit there the other day, and felt almost as if I had stumbled into Aladdin's cave. For I found a wide selection of bath essences and some luxurious perfume at pre-war prices. The bath essences include Milk of Roses, Gardenia, Rose Geranium, Malmason, French Fern, Sweet Pea, Hyde Park, Grosvenor and Ten. They are sold in one size only, (*Continued on page* 64)

Twin Set

The Jumper

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts.

1st row.—Sl. 1, * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 3.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, *, k. into the 2nd st. on the left-hand needle, and before slipping this st. off the needle, k. into the 1st st. (this will be termed "cross" st. throughout the instructions, p. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., cross, k. 1.

4th row.—Sl. 1, * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1. These 4 rows form patt. Rep. these 4 rows 10 times. Change to No. 8 needles, work 4 rows, now inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 8th row following until 116 sts. Continue without further shaping until 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows.

Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 84 sts. remain.

Continue in patt. until armhole measures 6½ ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Place the remaining sts. on a spare needle.

MATERIALS

5 oz. of 3-ply La Laine for the Jumper ; 7 oz. of 3-ply La Laine for the Coat ; 1 pair each of No. 8 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 7 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Jumper.—From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins. ; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins. ; underarm of sleeve, 5 ins.

Cardigan.—From top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins. ; length of sleeve underarm, 18 ins. ; across back under arm, 17½ ins. ; across half front under arm, 10 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

Work exactly as for the back until 84 sts. remain. Work until armhole measures 5 ins.

Next row.—Work in patt. on the 1st 33 sts., turn.

SHAPE NECK

** Sl. 1, work in patt. to the end of the row.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, work in patt. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Rep. these 2 rows until 25 sts. remain, ending on wrong side of work.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts., work in patt. to end.

2nd row.—Work in patt. to end. Rep. these 2 rows until 9 sts. remain. Cast off the 9 sts.**

Sl. the next 18 sts. on the spare needle. Join wool on the 33 remaining sts. Work in patt to end.

*** **1st row.**—Sl. 1, work in patt. to end.

2nd row.—K. 2 tog., work in patt. to end. Rep. these 2 rows until 25 sts. remain. Work 2 rows without shaping.

(*Continued on page* 66)

DRESS: A Flourish of Fashion from New York

1 The Turkish inspiration is evident in this long dinner dress. The bodice with round neckline and long sleeves is made of terra-cotta jersey wool. The skirt is of deep cream rayon satin and the turned back fold is embroidered in gold paillettes.

2 Gilt coin buttons in black settings shimmer on this emerald wool frock. The side fastening contributes slenderness to the silhouette. Note the new cut of the sleeves.

3 A wool dress of black and white shepherd's check for the young office-worker. Diamond cut plastic buttons.

4 An elegant dinner pyjama suit with tunic of rich olive green, trousers of gold coloured wool. Gold and pearl beading trims the yellow revers. Shoulders are rounded and the sleeves cut with a deep, draped armhole.

KIDNEY STEW

Cold Weather Dishes

SPICED RAGOÛT

Cut your meat ration into sizable portions and fry them, adding salt, cayenne pepper, ginger, and 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar or 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice. Pass through the mincer 2 large onions and the same quantity of carrots. Add to the meat with a teaspoonful of chopped herbs (parsley, thyme, and sage). Sprinkle 1 tablespoonful of flour over the mixture and stir it in. Next add 2 cupfuls of water, bring to the boil, turn everything into a fireproof dish and cook slowly in the oven for 1 hour.

KIDNEY STEW

Cut 2 or 3 kidneys into slices and fry them in 2 oz. of margarine for 10 minutes, then add 1 dessertspoonful of chopped parsley and 1 grated onion. Mix in 2 dessertspoonfuls of flour and, finally, 2 cupfuls of meat stock. Stir until boiling, and leave to simmer for 10 minutes. Serve surrounded by a ring of macaroni.

BEEF FRICASSEE

Peel and cut into slices 2 onions, 2 large carrots, 1 turnip, and boil them until tender with a cupful of cauliflower flowerettes, in enough stock to cover them. Add, if possible, ½ lb. of beef cut into neat pieces, and leave for another 10 minutes. Strain, keeping the liquid. Make a sauce with half the meat stock and half milk, using enough margarine and flour to have it thick and creamy. Season to taste. Pour over the meat and vegetables and serve with mashed potatoes.

OX TAIL IN CASSEROLE

Cut the ox tail at the joints in the ordinary way, and fry the portions until brown. Meanwhile peel and slice 2 carrots, 2 onions, 1 turnip, 2 potatoes, and put them in the bottom of a casserole. Cover with 2 rashers of bacon, and finally with the oxtail and 2 cupfuls of meat stock. Cover with a lid or greaseproof paper and leave in a medium oven for 2 hours.

N.B. Watch the level of your liquid and add if necessary.

BRAISED MUTTON

Put 1 oz. of dripping into a casserole and when hot, brown the piece of mutton available in it. When browned on all sides cover with boiling water, add a little salt and pepper, 1 small onion, 1 small carrot, and 1 teaspoonful of herbs. Cook in the oven, allowing 30 minutes for each pound of meat. When ready, put the meat on a dish surrounded with cooked brussels sprouts, and, finally, reduce the gravy by boiling it quickly until about half a cupful is left. Pour it over the meat and serve.

VEGETABLE RAGOÛT

Peel and cut into small pieces, potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips, leeks, and 1 or 2 tomatoes. Take 1 rasher of bacon, cut into small pieces and brown in a large pot of the casserole type with a well-fitting lid. Add a small onion finely chopped, brown this, adding a tiny piece of margarine. Now put in the vegetables, salt and pepper and cook them dry for a few minutes, stirring. Add a bouquet of thyme, parsley, bayleaf, and sufficient boiling water to come level with the vegetables. Cover as tightly as possible and simmer gently for 1 hour. Watch occasionally to see that the liquid does not all evaporate, adding a little more boiling water if necessary.

Cider And Ale Cups

Peel, core, and slice very finely, 2 lb. of apples. Put them in a large basin and cover with lemon squash, a pinch of ginger, 2 cloves, and sugar to taste. Pour over 2 pints of boiling water and let stand. When cool strain, add sliced pears, cucumber (if still available) and diced quinces. Just before serving pour in an equal quantity of bottled cider.

N.B. The children will probably appreciate this better than father!

In 3 pints of water boil 1 oz. of cloves, 1 oz. of cinnamon, 1 allspice (not easily obtainable, and may be omitted), for 1 hour; strain clear. Add 3 oz. of sugar and a gill of sherry, then 3 pints of ale. Make hot immediately before serving and add a slice of freshly made toast with some nutmeg grated on it.

Cut about 15 thin slices of cucumber and put them in a large bowl with 2 pints of cider, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, and 1 orange cut in slices. Stir well, and let stand for several hours. Immediately before serving add 2 bottles of soda water and 1 gill of whisky or sherry.

Mix 1 bottle of good ale with 2 bottles of ginger beer, ½ gill of sugar syrup into which a teaspoonful of ginger powder has been well stirred. One slice of cucumber and, if possible, some crushed ice. Mix together, stir well, and pour into long tall glasses.

Apple Sweets

APPLE BAVAROISE

APPLE BAVAROISE

Peel, core, and cut into slices, 1 lb. of apples. Cook them until tender in ½ cupful of lemon squash, adding 2 dessertspoonfuls of sugar. When ready, pass through a sieve and mix in 1 oz. of margarine and 3 reconstituted eggs well beaten up. Fill individual moulds with the mixture and bake in a medium oven for 30 minutes. Serve either hot or cold.

APPLE ROLY-POLY

Make a pastry with 4 oz. of flour, ½ cupful of breadcrumbs, 2 oz. of fat, and enough milk to have a stiff paste. Roll it out to a ¼ in. thick, spread with apple pulp made in the following manner :—

Peel, core, and slice 2 to 3 lb. of apples; put them in a saucepan with 1 dessertspoonful of jam and just enough water to prevent them sticking. Cook slowly until soft, adding sugar to taste.

Roll the pastry over the apple, press the edges firmly together, wrap the roll in a cloth, and put it in a saucepan of boiling water. Boil for 2 hours.

APPLE ROLY-POLY

APPLE SLICES OR SANDWICH

Make a pastry with 6 oz. of flour, 3 oz. of margarine or lard, and enough cold milk to have a soft dough Roll it out twice, then cut out two equal sized squares. (The pastry must be rolled thin.) Line a square baking tin with half the pastry, cover with thin slices of apple previously stewed in a little margarine. Spread a layer of jam on top, cover with the remaining pastry and press the edges together. Bake in a medium oven until brown. Cut into slices and serve.

APPLE SLICES

(Below) LAYER CAKE

LAYER CAKE

Have ready 2 equal-sized shallow baking tins, greased and sprinkled with flour, and fill them both with the following mixture :—

Cream 3 oz. of margarine with 3 oz. of flour; add 2 eggs (reconstituted with milk instead of water) well beaten up, and bake in a moderate oven for 15 to 20 minutes. A few drops of rum or lemon essence may be added before baking. When ready, turn out, put one cake on top of the other with apple filling between. If icing sugar is available, lemon icing is an excellent addition.

SPICED PUDDING

Peel and grate enough apples to fill 2 cups. Mix with ½ cupful of sugar, 2 oz. of melted margarine, a few drops of orange essence and cinnamon to taste. Add enough flour to make it stiff, and steam for 1½ hours in a greased basin. Serve with custard flavoured with lemon.

APPLE AND CRUMBS

Butter well a deep fireproof dish and fill with alternate layers of breadcrumbs and thick apple purée to which a few drops of lemon essence have been added. Sugar to taste. The first and last layers must be of breadcrumbs. Cover with small pieces of margarine and bake in a hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes.

Harriet Muir

When She Leaves You

HOLDING THE BABY

THE English domestic scene is now dotted about with men holding babies and suppressing jitters such as they never experienced with a Mills bomb in their hands. A man coming home to find he is the chief shareholder in a small strange creature who doesn't respond to the usual social advances, alternates between a sense of achievement and severe attacks of panic.

Some men are born with an instinct for handling children, but most are not. They have to learn by a process of trial and error.

For centuries women have encouraged men to believe that handling babies is a task fraught with delicacy and skill, but this is only propaganda. All you need to be a success with a baby, whatever his age, is self-confidence, common sense and the intelligence to treat him as a human being, not a plaything.

Babies, even the tiniest, don't explode or break in two when you handle them. They like to be held firmly and confidently, and they like you to remember that with a spinal column which doesn't yet function very effectively as a support, it is awfully tiring to sit up straight and very comforting to be held by arms and hands that give the right feeling of support where it is most needed.

It is disconcerting, of course, if for no apparent reason, the baby you are supposed to be looking after opens his mouth and yells, but there is generally a reason for this. The child is either uncomfortable, tired or hungry, or just feels like crying because, remember, crying, at this age, is the only satisfactory means of self-expression. Crying, in fact, may indicate any one of the conditions named though, on the other hand, it does not necessarily mean that the baby is in pain, or mental distress of some kind, neither does it follow that he has taken a violent dislike to you personally. Well, not often, anyway.

Sometimes crying can be completely disregarded. This is drastic advice for panic-stricken fathers but it is sound. Babies, even small ones, have a kind of sixth sense about grown-ups and their reactions. They know, instinctively, when adults can be lead about by the nose and when they have to take the orders themselves.

Amateur fathers have to watch out for this kind of business. It isn't altogether easy to detect. You have to be quite sure that the young person concerned is displaying none of the usual symptoms of pain or discomfort before you conclude that he is just trying to pull a fast one. When you are sure just inform him quietly that you've tumbled to his racket and walk firmly away. Try not to imagine when the screams increase that he is about to choke. He won't.

It doesn't matter if you are dealing with a babe in arms or a child who can walk and talk. He likes people to behave like human beings. There is absolutely no need to make strange grimaces in his face or to bounce him up and down as if he were on a see-saw. The entertainment value of this kind of treatment is practically nil and it can be very upsetting.

A quiet voice, a natural soothing manner and an atmosphere of self-confidence will win the youngest baby, and a father with the imagination to put himself in the baby's place and to anticipate some of his problems has practically won his spurs from the start.

Much the same goes for older children. The shy ones particularly prefer not to be rushed. You can't win a child's confidence in a day, but if you are perfectly natural, serene and quiet-spoken, the child will make the advances within a very little while.

Louisa Kay

Don't Forget . . .

Are you a forgetful person? One of the great army of people who leave things in trains, mislay things about the house, forget to post letters or just can't remember that you have put a cake baking in the oven?

If you are one of those who go through life saying "I've got the most terrible memory" cheerfully, accepting the fact and leaving it at that, make a stand, because forgetfulness is not an affliction you have to endure.

Psychologists say that we forget because, frequently, we have *no will to remember*. Tell yourself you have a bad memory and you will have one. Tell yourself that you *can* remember things and half the battle is won.

The fact is that we remember things that interest us, but we allow our minds to discard the things that don't. If, for instance, you have written a letter accepting a job of some importance at a greatly increased salary to your present one, there is no fear of your forgetting to post that. The secret of this is concentration on the thing you have to do. In the case of the letter it is easy to concentrate because the subject is absorbing.

Concentration and attention are the two vital factors in the cultivation of a good memory. No matter how trivial a task may be you must learn to concentrate interest upon it until it is done.

A little more concentration, a little more fight against the mental apathy which makes you forget, will work wonders.

When you have a letter to post concentrate hard on that thought for a few minutes. "I intend to post that letter and I shall *not* forget."

Try it in relation to where you put your handbag; make a stand against vagueness in all your actions. Tell yourself that remembering is easy if you are interested in remembering.

A little regular, disciplined mind control and you will remember.

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Auction Action

THERE was a time when the thought of second-hand furniture for a new home would have put most noses on the upturn, but the cost and scarcity of new furniture, other than Utility which is still in short supply, has changed our values to such an extent that second-hand furniture is not only a good business proposition for home-makers, but a promising one.

In any case there is no form of entertainment quite so satisfying or quite so much fun as bargain hunting at auction sales, which is a compensation in itself.

Some of the most attractive and original homes of recent times trace their origin to the auction rooms. Near antiques and frankly Victorian furniture comes up smiling after beauty treatment, if the beauty treatment is of the right kind.

The important thing for would-be bargain hunters is to have the ability and the imagination to visualize fusty old furniture seen in a sale room, in a new and glamorous disguise.

You may feel, of course, that auctions are a bit too tricky for the amateur. This is understandable, but don't be put off by such fears. All you need to become a successful bargain hunter are time and patience, a working knowledge of sale room routine, and a nose for smelling out the likely sources of activity. The latter comes with experience.

Just now I would say that country sales are more likely to prove of interest to limited purses. This is not always the case, but sales in the metropolis and in all big towns are well patronized, and prices soar with increased competition.

To find out where the country sales are taking place, buy the local newspaper. Auctioneers advertise forthcoming sales and forward sale catalogues on receipt of application.

A little experience and common-sense guessing helps to deduce from the announcements whether a particular sale is likely to afford the kind of opportunity you are seeking.

In any case, always inspect the goods before the sale. At the time of auction, the sale goods are not always on show, so it is essential to have inspected any prospective purchase before it comes under the hammer.

If cost is an important factor with you, fix a price limit in your own mind for every piece for which you intend bidding. Estimate what you can afford to pay and don't bid beyond that figure. This kind of financial forethought saves you a lot of confusion at the time of the sale, and may save you from missing the winning bid.

You must know exactly how much you can afford to spend at a sale, and keep to it, unless sale rooms are to be your downfall.

GET to the sale room early. Take up a position as near to the auctioneer as possible so that if the bidding is keen, you have the best chance of catching his eye.

There are other considerations besides the price and suitability of the furniture you buy. You have to get it home. Make inquiries of the auctioneer's clerk before the sale about transport facilities, if any. Purchases that cannot be carried home under your own steam turn rapidly into white elephants, if the cost of conveying them home proves to be too high.

Something about an auction room affects, with a slight madness, the most common-sense members of the community. The excitement of beating your neighbour at the bidding, the scent and atmosphere of bargains gets under your skin, and, before you know it, you find yourself the owner of a collection of things which, away from the magic of the auction room, look suspiciously like junk.

Keep your feet on the ground, and your eye on the auctioneer.

Don't be side-tracked by low prices into buying something that is of no use to you

"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

Never have doctors been more ready to admit that tomorrow's discoveries may reverse today's beliefs. Yet every test and experiment confirms the fact that nerves, to keep healthy, need organic phosphorus and protein. And that is only another way of saying that they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for 'Sanatogen' contains organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination. Ask your chemist for a tin.

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Nurses recommend it
Infection stopped in
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At your Chemist 1½D
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SANITAS
The Safe
PERSONAL Antiseptic
For Your Good Health

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

black slaves who are devils, kept for the purpose when necessary, who are armed with a shocking crooked knife tied round their necks to rip up people, and a hatchet under their pelisse to cut off heads."

Eventually she accepted the Pasha's escort, which decision provoked a fresh storm. The Arab prince Mahanna sent his eldest son, Nazar, to find out if the news were true. Lady Hester admitted it; and he thereupon accused her of showing distrust of the Bedouins by accepting protection from the Pasha. "The road is open to you wherever you choose to go," he said. "It is true that our profession is robbery, but we plunder only those who bring arms against us. An illustrious princess claiming the right of hospitality will be respected and protected." Lady Hester was pleased by this reassurance and promised that she would not avail herself of the Pasha's warriors.

Some days later, without further warning, she ordered a few of her servants to make ready for the journey. Dr. Meryon, compelled to stay behind, implored her not to do anything foolish, but she would listen to no one. Taking only an interpreter and a janissary, she mounted her horse and in this unprotected state rode off into the wastelands where few men had dared to set foot, where hunger and thirst were the least of the evils lying in ambush, and where ruthless savagery was the common standard.

(*To be concluded in the December issue*)

The Judge

(*Continued from page 12*)

before going up to bed. He needed that half-hour of air, even if the roads were muddy. Muddy . . .

He got up.

HIS wife, of course, knew his habits like clockwork. And now, from her bed, she heard the distant front door open and close quietly down there. The servants were in bed and the house was silent and still, except for the clocks. Life was so full of clocks. She was an imaginative person and she saw clocks as instruments ever pointing to the end for someone. Herself, Edward, any one. Perhaps someone now, this second, out in the wet streets. An accident — or another murder. Clocks. Clocks had only just started to tick away the long years for the poor convict who had committed crime, afterwards declaring: "I didn't know I'd done it." Perhaps he *was* speaking the truth? Supposing her husband, through overwork, or some other stress, one day became in such a strained mental condition that . . . that, well, anything?

Suddenly Lady Hilton's thoughts were interrupted by a woman's scream. It came fairly distinctly, from the streets outside.

But she supposed it was just a Londonish noise. She dozed off until he came in and she said:

"Did I hear a scream, dear? Or did I imagine it?"

"A scream, my dear?"

He was feeling better. His mind really had been playing the most absurd tricks all the evening. He was safely back, he had not lost a shoe in any nightmarish struggle, there was no blood or mud on them (he would deal with that strange matter in the morning), and there had not only been a scream—but another local murder. A woman's throat had been slit from ear to ear with a pocket knife, a police officer had told him.

But he didn't tell his wife. She might have dreams.

"I expect it was a cat," he told her comfortably, knowing Regent's Park's chief reputation, and he got into bed and slept solidly until morning.

But at the end of breakfast Primmer had something to announce.

He was scared.

". . . Excuse me, my lord. That *person* is here again!" He was about to add, nervously, that the person had this time literally forced his way in, but his lordship seemed quite pleased.

"Ah," said his lordship, "that *person* is just the person I want to see! And I want to see Wilson, too! I will see them in the morning-room."

IT had been Mr. Justice Hilton's intention to have his valet bring the odd shoe from the dressing-room cupboard, pair it with the odd shoe in the blackmailer's possession, and then send Wilson for a policeman. The police would soon sort the matter out and no doubt some elementary solution to the phenomenon would quickly be forthcoming.

But his lordship entered the morning-room and had barely begun to glower at the little man with the grinning yellow teeth when he saw what the blackmailer was holding in his hand.

Wilson, who had knocked agitatedly on the morning-room door before coming in, started to apologize for being delayed and was going on to say that he understood that his lordship wanted him. He was, however, told:

"Get out . . . !"

"My lord?"

"I said get out. And close the door."

"Yes, my lord."

The door closed.

The ex-convict, grinning, continued standing holding the bloodstained pocket knife bearing the embossed initials E. H., and he said, explaining his presence:

"Oh, I promised I'd be keeping an eye on you, me lord! You don't seem to know what you're doing at these times—dropping things about. It's a bit dangerous.

"But I was too far behind to save the poor woman last night, it was dark and wet, same as it was over our Alice that night.

"But to get to business. Shall we say five thousand pounds? I'm not in a really serious hurry for a day or two, sir, *providing* you keep indoors, nights, just until, eh?"

IT was Primmer who found his lordship on the morning-room floor. An attack of some kind. One of those mental blanks they talked about?

He telephoned the courts.

By the time Lady Hilton and the doctor were in attendance upon his lordship upstairs, and mentioning overwork and mental strain, the midday papers were saying that Mr. Justice Hilton was "indisposed" and a notorious fraud case he was trying had to be postponed until he was better. It was either that, or it would mean a new trial before another judge.

His lordship, who made rather a large mound in bed, was understood to murmur that, although he felt a little better, it had better be the latter.

"You think you *would* like to go to Torquay, dear?" said his anxious wife at the bedside. "I'm so pleased. For a real rest . . ."

"Wait. On second thoughts, I . . . I can't."

"But you must, darling. Dr. Smithson thinks——"

"I can't help it. There's something important I must do."

"Isn't it anything I could do?"

"No, my dear. Only I can do it. That case yesterday," murmured his lordship obtusely. "I must . . . reconsider it."

"Reconsider it? The jury seemed sure of his guilt, poor man, and you, yourself . . ."

"He was guilty," Mr. Justice Hilton told the pale ceiling. "I know that. But," he questioned strangely, "did he really know what he was doing at the time? The mind plays queer tricks, Marion."

"You're so human, dear," said Lady Hilton, pleased. He really was beginning to get so much more human and less harsh. Humanity, especially in a judge, was everything.

Yet he was queerly inhuman over the incident, later, concerning the valet, Wilson. Primmer had discovered Wilson stealing and selling items (*Continued on page 54*)

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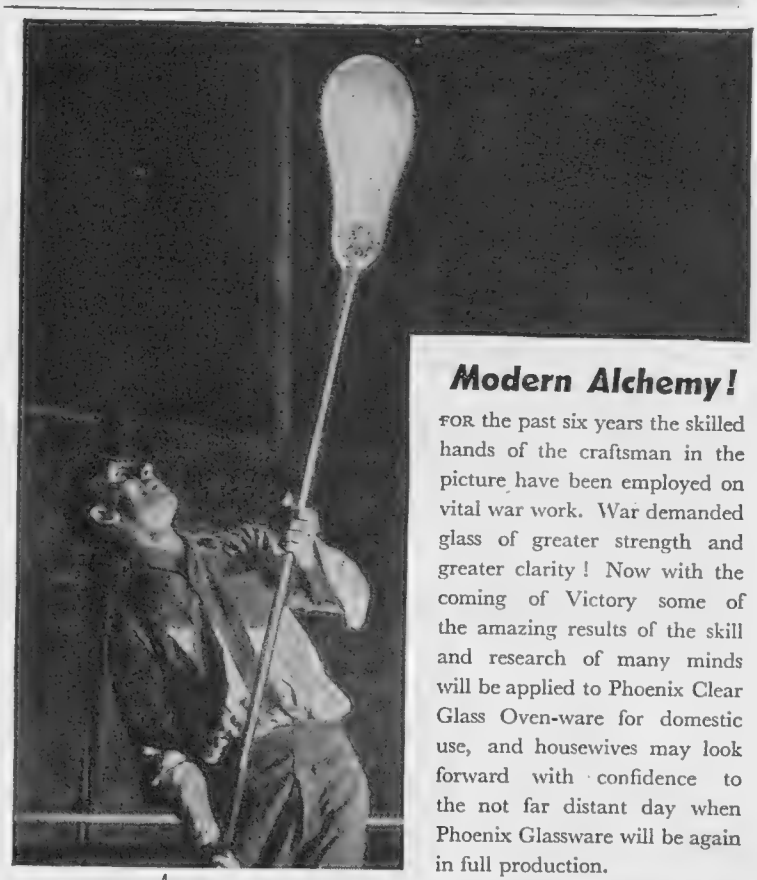

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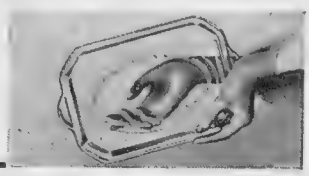

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of his lordship's wardrobe, and to a most disreputable character.

She remembered the evening well, if only because of her husband's strange change of mood (he was still far from being his old self) from an almost jocund humour to most disproportionate anger.

He had just got home, pleasing her with the news that he had reduced a certain recent sentence from seven years to two, and she was able to tell him that there had just been an arrest in connection with the Regent's Park murders.

He had seemed strangely interested, his mouth opening slightly as he stood before the large fire.

And then Primmer came in about the valet.

"I'm afraid we must dismiss him at once," Lady Hilton said to her husband, sounding grieved for all the sin in the world.

His lordship exploded :

"Dismiss him? . . . We will have him arrested at once!" He pointed a trembling finger at Primmer. "Go and get a policeman."

"Yes, my lord. Justice, er, certainly requires——"

"Get out and do as I say!"

"Yes, my lord."

The door closed.

Lady Hilton was busy with some sewing. Poor Wilson, she thought. If he'd only taken such a few things, like shoes, and pocket knives . . . It did seem a pity to start him on a prison career? Or had he already started one?

She peeped speculatively at her husband, on Wilson's behalf.

"You have *such* a high colour, dear," she remarked gently. "What about a whisky and soda, before really deciding anything?"

END

And Now . . . To Dance

(*Continued from page* 15)

garden. Men wanted to dance the new dance with Irene; women, with Vernon. They obliged—at £2 for once round the room.

But the Germans started war, and Castle, an Englishman, came back and joined the Royal Flying Corps. After some active service, he was posted to an instructor's job, and was killed in an air crash. His widow married a millionaire and interests herself in animal welfare now. Her dancing was nothing wonderful by to-day's higher standards, but she was the first of the lithe, streamlined, bobbed-hair, dancing beauties.

JAZZ was hustling the tango into the dance discard before Castle died. Born in the Mississippi's lower reaches, its exponents were coloured gentlemen from New Orleans. But it is not wholly negroid. Europe, Africa and the Jewish East met in North America, and the native music of America was born. The foxtrot is really a synthesis of the barn dance, ragtime, blues and spirituals. It's as much a part of western culture now as beer.

It arrived in nice time to inaugurate a new and wider pleasure life after World War I. The Dixieland Band, the original jazz band, toured England and Europe, injecting the jazz serum. Gramophone companies and music publishers distributed it to the millions. And everybody started dancing. It was more than a craze; it was practically a social compulsion. The most unlikely people succumbed to it. You would see a lean poker-faced man shuffling stiffly with a cranelike motion over Ciro's floor, and that would be Lord Beaverbrook; a tall, monocled man foxtrotting with the grace of a kangeroo at the Embassy Club, and that would be Foreign Secretary Sir Austen Chamberlain. Arnold Bennett discovered dancing as a maiden aunt discovers port. He even wrote articles about dancing—which the academicians thought most undignified for the author of *The Old Wives' Tale*.

Certain men became known for their dancing skill. They were sought after, spoiled, pointed out—they attracted the same sort of attention as a Wimbledon centre court player or a golf star. Good partners being scarce—the rhythm took time to sink into blood and bones—young people who found they foxtrotted well together would dance-mate for the season, to the distress of hostesses, who wanted the man at least to circulate. Professional dance partners arrived. Some were undesirable and went after girls with more money than sense and sophistication. Then father had a rough time buying off the fellow; or mamma, or the wife, had to support him in the style to which he had become accustomed. It was the heyday of the gigolo, whose favourite role was that of Russian prince—"lost his estates in the Revolution, you know."

On the commercial side fortunes were made—and lost. A stumpy Yorkshireman organized a dance band. You would see him conducting it at a Piccadilly Hotel dance. He just stood in front of his men wagging a nonchalant hand, and every so often half-turning to grin in a friendly way at the crowd. "Jack Hylton's Band," said the notice. It seemed an easy way to earn a living. But backstage there was shirtsleeves work and a tireless business brain. As demand rose, Hylton hired more musicians, formed them into bands, trained them, sent them out as Hylton bands. He became nationally known, good for the star spot in vaudeville. Sales of his records soared.

Other entrepreneurs fell like exhausted marathon dancers. Two American live-wires, Booker and Mitchell, got in on the ground floor in wartime London. They rented a cellar in Tottenham Court Road, turned it into Rector's. The money rolled into that pioneer night club, where a negro band blasted and banged. They split. Booker went into dance enterprises in Paris. Mitchell built the Palais de Danse at Hammersmith, the first big popular dance hall; lost it; tried to recoup his loss by importing Coué and selling Couéism instead of dancing to the public on mass-production lines: and faded out.

Dance clubs sprouted like mushrooms after warm autumnal rain. They ranged from the Hyde Park Dance Club to the "43." If you went the rounds, and knew the ropes, you could find a dozen "43's" jumping and jiving till dawn. The oddest characters ran them. New York had its Texas Guinan and Belle Livingstone; London, it's Kate Merrick. Kate's places were raided and closed down almost as often as Belle's; but Belle, who married so many actors and millionaires that she finally lost count of husbands, was more picturesque. In one raid she tried to make a getaway over the rooftops. Unluckily she was wearing red pyjamas, and the police spotted her. When she came out of jail thirty days later, Texas Guinan brought her back to Broadway in an armoured car.

This jazz decade reached its zenith—or its trough—with the Charleston and Black Bottom, a negro cult which caused a crop of public and private scandals, and a Charleston ball which packed out the Albert Hall, London's biggest. Prince Albert may have turned in his grave, but Charlie Cochran, whose venture it was, turned a barrel of money into his bank.

Then the vein seemed to run out. One by one the dance clubs folded up as sets dissolved, and people tired of seeing the same faces. The negroes went home. Exhibition dancers dropped from the head to the bottom of the vaudeville bill, and then passed right out. Gigolos—a Scotland Yard man told me later—turned to "con" work and housebreaking. The closing of the Embassy Club seemed to mark the end of an epoch.

It was a backroom at the end of a corridor in Old Bond Street. Luigi, a supple Italian waiter, who had made money running the Criterion in wartime London, bought the place from Albert de Courville, the revue producer, who was losing money there. In six years he ran an investment of £6,000 into £45,000—the sell-out price to a syndicate. Luigi got additionally a fat managerial contract and the

(*Continued on page* 56)

Vita-Weat

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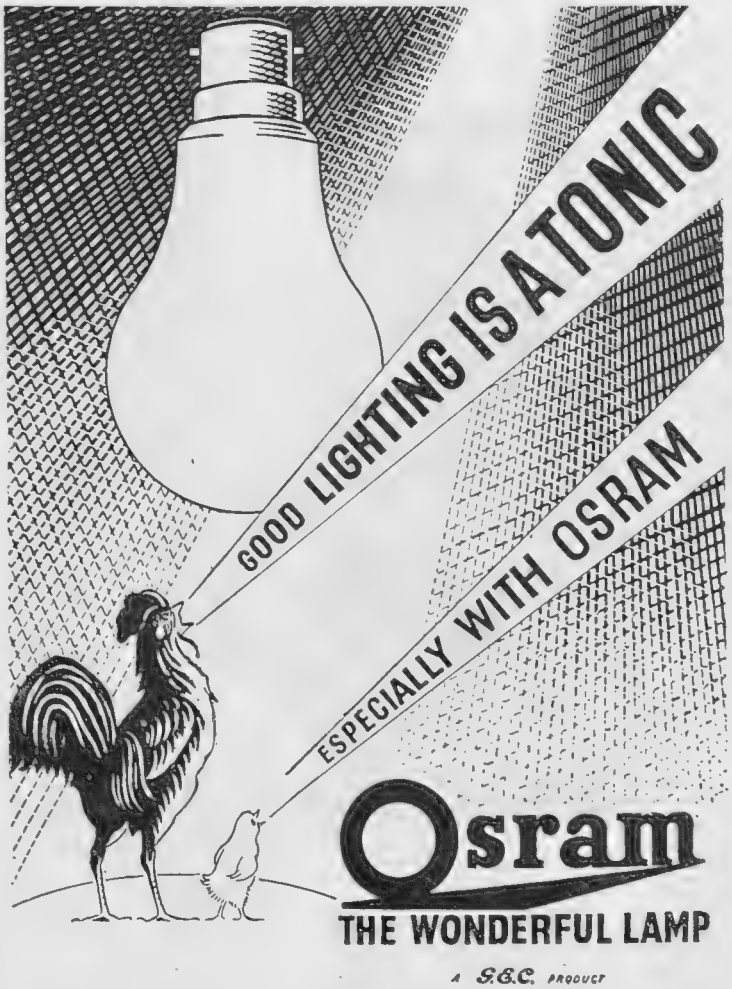

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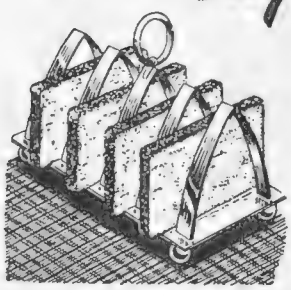

HOVIS
-every day

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
Macclesfield

wines and cigars concession. A little later he died, and so did the old Embassy, which in its time was the world's No. 1 dance-restaurant club, jammed with café society and sprinkled with authentic aristocrats who had gone a little gay.

Something had happened to jazz itself. It had gone as sweet as a soft drink. It tried a social climb to concert halls. Gershwin wrote a rhapsody "in blue," and Paul Whiteman took a band the size of the Philharmonic on a coast-to-coast tour and netted an average £1,000 at each one-night stand. The "hot" bands and players were out.

Or so it seemed for a while to those who forgot that a new young generation was growing up which would have no use for symphonic jazz or "sweet" bands. Forgot, too, that the "hot" musicians were still young and adventurous and quietly experimenting with new and more excitant ways of using their instruments. The story of one man epitomizes what happened next.

Benny Goodman, son of a garment maker, was taught to play the clarinet by a German musician in Chicago. He was eleven, and not much older when he got his first job, playing dance music in a kid band in a local dance hall. By the time he was twenty he was earning £75 a week, making gramophone records, playing in shows and smart night clubs, recording for the sound tracks of the new talking pictures. Then the "sweet" flood arrived and washed him from his high rung on the career ladder, and nearly drowned him. He had to take a job in a radio house band. For he was a "hot" player.

Four dark years, repeal, a new cabaret opening and inviting him to form his own band—and Benny Goodman was back again, and climbing fast. Three more years, and Goodman, twenty-seven, was paying tax on

And Now . . . To Dance

an income of £31,500. His band had broken all records for gramophone disk sales, show runs, and radio audiences. It was all done on swing, which measures against jazz as TNT measures against the atomic explosive. Goodman is thirty-five now and still going strong. His band is distinguished by its powerful thumping rhythm. Against the background of that dance compellant the leader skirls a Pied Piper clarinet, lightly exploring the melody, playing intricate variations on it.

Future historians may say that the Global War gave dancing and dance music a new lease of life. Radio programmes apart, the armies kept dancing alive and spread the cult. Wherever the fighting men of air, sea or land camped down, and girls were to be got, they organized a weekly dance. There was more dancing in the war than in normal peace time years.

And it's still the same kind of music. "Sweet" dance music was only jazz cooked with syrup, and swing is only jazz with more of its tangy juices brought out. The youngsters may amuse themselves with the leaping Harlem dances, but the ordinary citizen can still get by on waltz and foxtrot—on foxtrot alone if he follows the practice of some dance-wise girls who save the waltzes for the men they want to sit out with.

But unless western civilization has frozen in its rhythms, the current dances and dance music must sometime go the way of the polka. A new sort of excitant and compelling music will lead the western world into a new pattern of dance movements. But when it will come, and what it will be like, is anybody's guess.

END

The Road-Runner

(*Continued from page 20*)

road-runner can make rings round most dogs although some dogs can catch one, and two expert dogs would have no difficulty in running one down. But even then, at the last moment, the road-runner might take one of its rare excursions into the air and seek refuge in a cactus bush!

Road-runners have an enormous appetite and the best part of their working-day seems to be spent in hunting and eating food. They have a varied menu. Lizards, scorpions, tarantulas, various insects, mice, rats, small birds and fruit constitute the bulk of their food. A road-runner has been seen to leap four feet into the air to seize a flying grasshopper. Sometimes a low-flying bird will be snatched out of the air in the same way.

If a road-runner captures a long animal, such as a snake, it is often unable to swallow it all. It therefore swallows as much as it can and then has to go about for several hours with a part of its dinner dangling out of its mouth! Only as the road-runner's rapid digestion copes with one end of the snake can the bird slowly engulf the remainder.

The most famous prey of the road-runner is the rattlesnake. What the mongoose is to the cobra in India, this bird is to the rattler in the United States. Some observers say a road-runner will pick a thorny leaf from a cactus bush and, holding it before it as a shield, will advance to the attack on the deadly snake. Other writers aver that if a road-runner finds a rattlesnake asleep it will build around it a fence of cactus spines against which the snake spikes itself to death when it attempts to escape.

Both these stories may well be no more than desert folk-lore, although some authorities on the road-runner do not dismiss them altogether. But what is quite authentic is that the road-runner, with wings spread wide and low, will feint, dance round and stab at a rattlesnake until the snake is eventually knocked senseless by repeated blows from that long, sharp beak. It may be remembered that in that delightful documentary film, *Chico*, in which the heroine is a pet road-runner, there is shown a film sequence of a fight such as I have described.

The road-runner is perhaps the only other bird in the world that kills snails in the same manner as the English thrush, namely by dashing their shells on a rock until they break. The road-runner selects a particular rock and brings all its snails to this one spot. It is sometimes possible to pick up a cupful of broken shells at one of these "anvils."

The road-runner makes its nest in a low tree, thicket or clump of cactus, and here it lays its yellowy-white eggs. As few as two, and as many as twelve eggs have been recorded, but generally there are from three to six. Young road-runners are repulsive-looking creatures; naked, greasy and black. George M. Sutton records how he was once inspecting a nest of these "infant dragons" when accidentally he touched one on its beak. The young road-runners immediately thought it was mother bringing home the breakfast, and Sutton says:—

"Four great mouths, wobbling uncertainly on scrawny necks, rose in unison. I jerked back my hand—the pink-blotched lining of those mouths had an almost poisonous appearance. From the depths of the small frames came a hoarse, many toned buzzing which gave the impression that a colony of winged insects had been stirred to anger."

Two young road-runners that Sutton reared became, he said, the most entertaining pets he ever had. He christened them Titania and Oberon. He used to take them on foraging expeditions, and they ran along with him like a couple of terriers, ever on the alert for new prey to try. If Sutton paused near a stone which might harbour a large spider or similar tit-bit, the birds urged him on to turn it over by grunting, nipping at his hands and running to and fro in an ecstasy of anticipation. They made short work of any prey that emerged from under the stone.

In his book, *Birds in the Wilderness*, Sutton tells the full story of Titania and Oberon, and to this book the reader is referred, not only to learn more about these charming pets, but also for much valuable information on that most interesting bird, the road-runner.

END

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A really healthy skin has a vital radiant beauty all its own. And to ensure the clear beauty of real skin health you must keep your skin clean—even more than soap and water clean. You must search out the hidden impurities deep in the skin pores that ordinary washing does not touch. My skin beauty routine, using Anne French Cleansing Milk, will really clean your skin—every time you make up! Complexion beauty, a clear, unblemished skin, follows naturally if you make this daily effort to keep your skin really clean.

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★★ Remove surplus milk with dry cotton wool. Then wash in *lukewarm* water. Dry on soft towel.

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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PRO INTEGRITATE CUTIS

The Cinque Ports

(*Continued from page* 16)

pictured sails swelling in the August sunlight and the red sendal streaming from every mast which told the world that the fight was to the death, with quarter neither given nor asked, he laughed aloud as he thought of the reception awaiting them on the French coast. But he reckoned without his host. No sooner had the English fleet secured the weather gauge than, at the given signal, the ships swung suddenly round and took the French flotilla in the rear. Soon clothyard shafts and crossbow bolts were spreading death and confusion on the close-packed decks of the French ships, while, at the moment of boarding, a cloud of lime—the first example, perhaps, of chemical warfare—was carried by the wind into the eyes of the defenders. The fight was soon over. Eustace the Monk, dragged from his hiding-place, offered a fortune to his captor—Richard Fitzroy, an illegitimate son of King John—in return for his life. The answer was one blow of his sword which swept off the traitor's head.

The threat of invasion was over for the time, but the wars still went on, and all through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the ships of the Ports were constantly at sea, fighting either the King's battles or their own. Edward III's great victory over the French at Sluys in 1340, when 150 of the vessels designed for the conquest of England were sunk or captured, was another triumph for the Confederacy; and again in August, 1350, he sailed out from his new town of Winchelsea, built to replace that swallowed up by the sea, to try conclusions with a new enemy. At the battle of Les Espagnols sur Mer England and Spain met at sea for the first time, and for the first time, though not for the last, the larger and clumsier ships fell easy victims to the smaller and handier craft which engaged them. Seventeen Spanish ships had struck by nightfall, and Spain's bid for supremacy in the narrow seas was defeated once and for all.

WITH the close of the fourteenth century the heyday of the Cinque Ports came to an end. This was of course due in part to the silting up of some harbours such as that of Sandwich, and to the withdrawal of the sea from others, such as Romney and Winchelsea. But, these reasons apart, the change had become inevitable. The growth of England's trade and sea power, and the increased size of ships, had begun to outpace the possibilities of the Ports' resources. The Royal Navy, and with it the harbours of Portsmouth and Southampton, was coming into being.

The Cinque Ports still sent their quota of ships against the great Armada. But this was the last time the Confederation was to play its part in naval history.

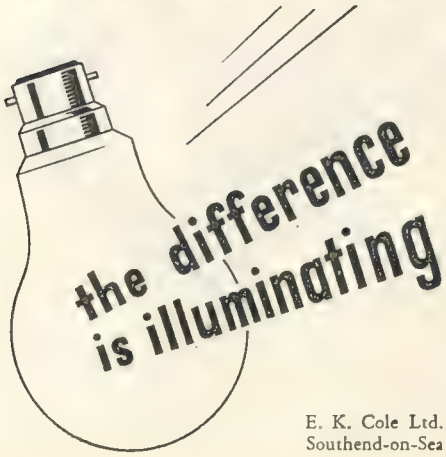
To-day, as one walks on the wide spaces of Romney Marsh, or on the "windy levels" of Rye and Winchelsea, there is little to tell of the once busy and stirring past. The cloud shadows pass over like the ghosts of vanished ships; the mournful tinkle of sheep-bells seems now the echo of a long-lost ship's bell counting the watches, now the voice of some long-engulfed steeple far down beneath the salt tide.

But the spirit of the Ports still lives. A writer in the seventeenth century claimed that "the Cinque Ports are seated in places of imminent danger, and both have borne and still are subject to beare the first brunt of any foreign invasion . . . and they are the gates that open and shutt to the perill or safety of this kingdom."

How true those words have proved in these latter days, let shell-battered Dover, and the many honourable scars of the South-East Corner of England, abundantly confirm!

END

Change to EKCO LAMPS



E. K. Cole Ltd.
Southend-on-Sea

Vargo

(*Continued from page* 32)

waiting. Still saying nothing of consequence.

"But Ruth . . . We wish her to have the chance of living some other life. It may not be a better life, but that *she* must decide. We have always wanted it, her mother and I; but how achieve it for her . . . how get her away? We could not have trusted her to Vargo. That would have been impossible . . . quite impossible. All these years we have kept her away, out of sight of anyone from the schooner. She has a little hut beyond the hill where she stays until it has gone. And so you see . . ."

But he did not see. It was all so very fantastic.

"Your misfortune was heaven sent," the professor had continued. "She can leave when you leave."

"I don't think . . . I don't understand."

"It is not certain," the professor had said, "that Vargo will consent to take you off. This island is off the track of any steamer. I question whether anyone but Vargo knows of its existence. That is most likely why he chose it."

"But, good Lord! He can't refuse."

"On the contrary he may very well do so. It depends entirely upon whether we can convince him that you could not find your way back to the island, or direct another to it. But that remains to be seen. We shall try. Helen will go down to the beach in the morning and ask to be taken out to the schooner."

"Helen? But surely it would be better if I talked to him."

"No. He may listen to Helen. Helen is going to tell him the truth . . . that you were caught by the tail of a hurricane and lost your vessel. But she is also going to tell him that you were not alone. She is going to say that your wife was with you . . . Ruth. And that she wants him to take you and your wife back to civilization."

"Oh!" he had said. "I see."

"Will you do this for us?"

"Why . . . if it is your wish, of course I will do it. But . . ."

"It is our wish. I will give you the address of Helen's family in Melbourne. I do not expect you to take her to them——"

"But of course I shall take her to them."

"Oh! Thank you . . . thank you. We . . . Helen and I . . . we thanked God for the chance that brought you here. We . . . we could not have been more fortunate . . ."

"Oh . . . Don't talk like that. It is nothing. But . . . What about Ruth? She knows?"

"Yes. We have explained everything to her. She understands. I know that we can trust her to you, and I know also that we can rely on your . . . well, your diplomacy. You must tell Helen's people what you think fit. But say nothing about Vargo, please . . . not about this island. Pava-Pava is our home now. We do not wish for any other."

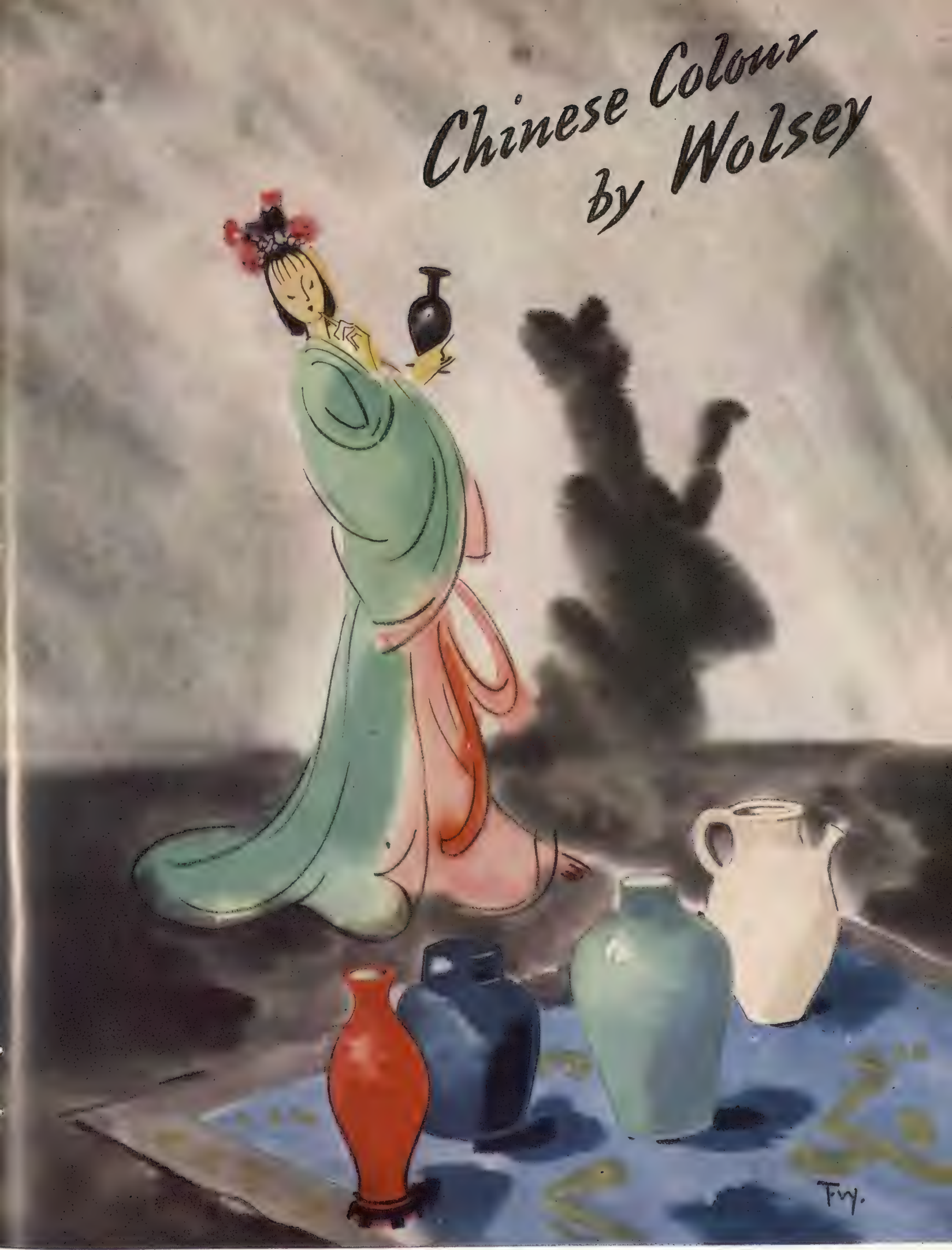
And then the professor had stopped talking and he had known that he had heard all that he was to hear, and that there was nothing that he could say or do . . . except promise.

But it was absurd. Fantastic. And this Vargo . . .

He got up from his chair and went over to the rail of the veranda. There was an open canister of Prince Albert. He began to stuff his pipe from it. He clenched his teeth on the pipe and struck a match. But he did not put the match to the tobacco. He stood for a moment, listening; then shook out the flame and threw the match end away. A man had come through the palms and was ascending the path towards the bungalow.

The man was shaped like a Rhine wine bottle—tall, with sloping shoulders and a flat-sided, flat-backed head. His eyes were inset so deeply that his brow seemed to jut out over them like the peak of a cap. He had large ears, pointed like a fawn's, but lobeless, and pressed tight to the sides of his head. His long, straight nose fell all but perpendicularly and he kept his lips

(*Continued on page* 61)



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sucked in. The skin on his jaw and neck was creased and folded like the skin on an elephant's foot.

The man tramped up the path and then climbed the two steps on to the veranda. He stood for a moment, curiously immobile. Then he said :

"I am Vargo. Who are you?"

The young man slipped his unlit pipe into his pocket.

"My name is Garroty."

"Ugh! Garroty? I know you. I've heard of you. You sail a cutter around these islands . . . on your own? What are you doing here?"

"I lost the cutter," Garroty said. "We were lucky to get ashore."

"We?"

"My wife and I."

"I never heard that you had a wife."

Garroty took his pipe from his pocket, and matches. He struck a match and held the flame to his pipe bowl. This was not going to be easy.

"That's quite possible," he said. "I haven't had one very long." He flicked the spent match over the veranda rail. "It was her first trip . . . a sort of honeymoon voyage."

"Ugh. How come you lose the cutter?"

"Hurricane. The tail of it just flicked us. We were making for Rovatonga."

"Long way off your course, weren't you?"

"I don't know," said Garroty. "You can tell me that. Where is this island exactly? I've never seen it charted."

"It ain't charted," Vargo said. Then : "How long ago was this?"

"Eleven weeks."

"Ugh. So you've been here eleven weeks."

"Yes, and quite long enough, too. Professor Davies has been very kind, but we shall be glad to get away."

"Ugh. Where's this wife of yours? I'd like to see her."

Garroty walked across to the door. He was glad of the opportunity to turn his back on the man. He did not know how long he could keep his face smiling and his voice friendly.

"Ruth," he called. "Ruth."

The girl came at once. He walked with her on to the veranda.

"This is Captain Vargo. He is going to take us off with him."

The man looked at her. He had not moved from the head of the steps. His face was tight, closed up. He stood there looking at her, not moving. Then he looked past her, towards the door. Garroty and the girl both turned their heads.

The woman had come through from the inner room and was standing in the doorway of the bungalow. She did not speak and Vargo did not speak. They faced each other silently.

Then she said, "Mr. Garroty has explained . . . told you?"

"He's told me. Eleven weeks, eh? Nice company for you, eh? Plenty of time and nothing to do but gossip."

"I have told them nothing," she said. "Nothing at all."

"Ugh. Well . . . you'll have plenty of chance to tell them."

"Vargo . . ." She took a step forward, approached him, but then stopped. "You must take them off."

"Why must I? Why should I?" He turned to Garroty. "This island's mine . . . and that schooner out there's mine, too. I didn't invite you here and I ain't inviting you there. There ain't no room for women on my ship."

"But, Vargo . . . They are young. They can't stay here. You couldn't do that."

"I do what I please."

Garroty spoke. "Get off this veranda," he said. "Get off this island. And don't bother about coming back. We don't need you, and they don't need you. Not now. I've been building boats and sailing boats all my life. We have supplies for six months, and if I can't pull this bungalow to pieces in that time and build a boat out of it, then we'll all starve to death. But we won't. I'll build a boat, Vargo, and I'll sail it. I'm not a professor of English literature."

Vargo looked at him for a long time without speaking. Then he said : "Reckon you think you've called my bluff? Who's to stop me taking them supplies back . . . and taking this bungalow back, too? I brought it here. I've got men on that ship of mine who do what I tell 'em."

"Try it," said Garroty.

Vargo shook his head. "I don't want to. I told you, I do what I please." He jerked his head towards the shore. "Better get aboard."

"Oh, no . . ." Garroty began; but the woman stepped forward and laid her hand on his arm.

"Please. It is better."

Garroty shrugged. "If you say so." Then : "I would like to say good-bye to the professor."

"Ain't no time for leave takings," Vargo cut in.

"He will understand," said the woman. "Go . . . please."

Garroty shrugged again, and turned towards the steps.

"You, too, miss——"

Garroty stopped, and turned. "Mrs. . . . if you don't mind."

"Okay . . . if you want it like that. After you . . . Mrs. . . ."

That was Vargo's last word until the *Tahua Queen* was in sight of Rovatonga with its harbour and its houses and its Residency.

Not a word did he speak to them, or to anyone. The mestee mate from Trinidad took the ship in. Vargo seemed to have retired completely into himself. But he watched. He watched Garroty and the girl, peering at them from under his jutting brow like a man watches from a covering porchway.

And then, when Rovatonga was a dark streak on the horizon, he spoke. He began abruptly as though he had been brooding on his words since the ship left Pava-Pava.

"This ain't the first time I've carried a woman on this ship . . . and a passenger. I did it once before, twenty years ago. The woman was my wife, and the passenger was a skipping, twisting, book-reading man. I used to read once, too, but I ain't looked at a book since then, and I swore I'd never have another woman on this ship."

Vargo's wife ! Vargo's *wife* !

"She had her choice," Vargo went on. "Choose, I said to her. And she chose him. They were on this ship, she and him . . . my wife, and this little half-pint squirt who wanted a sea voyage on the cheap. I'd taken pity on him. Pity on him, He wanted the voyage for his health, he said, and I took him, and my wife and me just married, making a honeymoon trip of it the way you told me *you* was doing."

The man's eyes seemed to have sunken even further back into his head. Garroty saw only the peaky brow and the two dark holes under it.

"And she chose him. He is all the world to me, she said. All right, I told her. And so he shall be. He shall be all your world . . . always. You've chosen . . . Now you can take him and go."

Vargo looked at him now. "Maybe you thought you scared me with that bluff of yours about building a boat. You didn't. I brought you off . . . you and her, because I wanted to bring you off. I'd have brought *her* off, anyway, sooner or later."

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"Come on, young fellow. Do you take me for a fool . . . too. They didn't fool me, and nor did you. I only had to take one look at the girl to know."

"Oh, I see. And now what are you going to do?"

"It ain't what I'm going to do . . . it's what you're going to do. I didn't want that girl on the island, and I don't want her on my hands. What would I do with a young girl like that? But I ain't going to turn her loose when we dock either. Since you've taken it on yourself to look after her, you can go on looking after her. Reckon you'll do. I know something about you. You ain't so bad."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you're (*Continued on page* 62)

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going to marry her. I'm master on this ship. If you want to land you're going to land as man and wife. I've got the authority . . . we're still outside the limit."

"I see. So you're still playing king of the castle?"

"Never you mind about that. And you ain't complaining. You had eleven weeks on that island to get acquainted, and you've had two more weeks on this boat. I haven't said 'nything, but I've been watching. You ain't complaining."

"No," said Garroty. "I'm not complaining. But what about Ruth? Doesn't she have any say?"

"She'll do what she's told. She ain't of age yet, and I'm her father, ain't I?"

END

Vargo

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

"THE office was in the main street. There were two hollowed steps, then a worn and dirty passage, then three flights of very steep stairs, and Grant stepped on to a landing six feet across dimly lit by a dirty fanlight. There were two doors on the left, two on the right. Out of the first on the left, which was open, came the hesitant ticking of a typewriter." How could any book written by an author with such sure powers of observation and delineation as this fail to capture your interest?

"The Earth Remains," by Crichton Porteous (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), abounds in such polished descriptive work.

Although this book is to some extent preoccupied with the soil and those who farm it, it will have a wide appeal also for the town dweller, for the author tells his tale with irresistible charm.

MARGARET BRASH has given us a number of notable novels but none, I wager, will have done more to enhance her reputation as a writer than her new book, "Vagabond Hope" (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.).

This tells the tale of Tessa, the light-hearted, attractive girl in her early twenties, daughter of an English mother and Italian father, who was on a visit to Italy when the war broke out and was claimed by the Fascists as an Italian subject and forced to work for them.

"Vagabond Hope" covers three years of adventure and misadventure among a people immersed in a war they never wanted.

Tessa's adventures are written excitingly, grimly, amusingly. This is a book you will remember.

Pathos and humour mingle to make Jessie May Burt's "The Gay Gordons" (Denis Archer, 8s. 6d.) a light and pleasant novel.

There are some interesting glimpses of life in Canada and this love story of Penelope, one of the Gay Gordon sisters, will delight this author's many staunch admirers.

MARGARET LANDON'S "Anna and the King of Siam" (Harrap, 12s. 6d.) gives us the factual story of that amazing person, Anna Harriette Crawford, the Welsh girl who for many years acted as English governess in the Royal Palace of Bangkok.

Married at seventeen to a young British officer in India, Major Thomas Louis Leonowens in 1857, she found herself a widow at twenty-three and shortly after assumed her position in the Siamese Royal Household.

This may not sound very remarkable to-day, when young widows are all too common and womanhood has attained such a notable degree of emancipation, but remember the sage of Anna Leonowens covers the mid-Victorian era.

The book is charmingly illustrated by Margaret Ayer.

"DEATH My Generation," by Michael Fyodrov (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), is the most unusual autobiography of a young Russian-American who has been by turns engineer, biologist, journalist and author and whose varied life gives brilliant pictures of Russia before and during the Revolution, America in the "Roaring Twenties," student life in Paris, Germany during the rise of Hitler, and England in peace and at war.

Mr. Fyodrov writes with power, even in his moments of nostalgia, and this chronicle of the last thirty-five years is at once exciting, authoritative and witty.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers :—

"The Curate's Crime," by Alexandra Dick (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A murder story packed with mystery and surprise, with many humorous sidelights.

"Education Today and Tomorrow." Edited by and introduced by R. W. Moore (Headmaster of Harrow) (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.). An authoritative guidance for the student and general reader alike on the vital topics of educational reform.

"Stephen Foster and His Little Dog Tray," by Opal Wheeler (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.). A vivid picture of the home life in America of the composer of "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home," etc., etc. The words and music of thirteen of his songs are included. A most delightful book for children.

"Happy and Glorious," by Wilfred Walter (Pendulum Publications Ltd., 4s. 6d.). A play to be read as well as seen.

"Games With Words." Poems by H. MacAlpin (Pendulum Publications Ltd., 1s.).

IN the review which appeared in our September issue of James Agate's "Ego 7," the price of this book was incorrectly given as 18s. The published price is 15s., and it is published by Messrs. George Harrap.

END

Grow Some Dwarf Trees (*Continued from page 29*)

that is, ram the soil round the roots of the tree. Drainage is essential, so if no pot with holes in the bottom is available, use an ordinary flower pot and stand it inside a more decorative one.

Each year, June is about the best time, the young shoots must be nipped back to two or three leaves. In winter, as the trees grow, a little pruning may be necessary, using one's discretion to keep the trees a good shape. Naturally, one does not want them to get too big, but with their roots constricted by the pots they are not likely to develop much.

The trees must not be over-watered, but care must be taken in the summer to see they do not become dry. On no account must they be allowed to freeze, and during winter the trees—in their pots, should be buried in ashes in a cold frame, or kept in a frost-proof attic.

During the summer months the trees may stand on a garden path, window ledge or balcony, and can be brought into the house for a few weeks at a time, if desired.

These tiny trees make charming table or room decorations. A dwarf tree is an ideal present for an invalid, who will get endless pleasure from watching its growth, and training it in the way it should go.

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London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.

Tragedy

(*Continued from page* 19)

young woman who was unmistakably Yvette.

Dear old Peter looked helplessly from one woman to the other but he was slowly recovering his faculties.

"I wish to see Wing Commander Perrett," Yvette said sharply.

"So you're Yvette!" said Mary. "I've heard so much about you. I'm Mary Renton."

Yvette watched the other girl in silence.

"I hear you've got some of Tony's letters you want to sell?" Mary went on pleasantly.

"So he's told you?"

"Yes. It rather spoils your market, I'm afraid. Actually it's one of the few wise things he's ever done. You meant to send them to my father, I hear."

"You hear quite a lot, one way and another, don't you," snapped Yvette.

"I do rather. Now, speaking as one girl to another, I am very anxious that you should send them to my father."

"Why?"

"He's a very strong-minded man, is Daddy, and he's crackers over the R.A.F. 'One of the Few' and all that sort of thing. But I have other plans. I'm in love with another man altogether. Perhaps you see what I'm getting at?"

"You aren't going to marry Tony?" Yvette demanded, incredulously.

"You've got it. I came here today to tell him so and I've run into this amusing little situation."

"I'm glad there's not going to be any trouble," dear old Peter put in in a relieved tone, as he wiped his forehead.

"It would be more dignified if you were to keep quiet," said Mary coldly.

"Sorry!" said dear old Peter.

"But the announcement in the paper . . ." began Yvette.

"Daddy . . . all the time. Daddy and the gallant Wing Commander. I'd no idea they were going to rush it."

"It does alter things," admitted Yvette.

Mary smiled: "You've said it! Where is the gallant Tony?" she went on in almost a friendly tone to dear old Peter.

"He'll be here presently: look here, we'd better clear out, all of us."

"You do whatever you like. I'm waiting for him here. There are several things I have to say to him. He was a party to those announcements. Daddy wouldn't have done it on his own. They'll learn—Tony and Daddy, I mean—that I am not a pawn in their silly game."

"I'm off," said Yvette cheerfully. "You can have these and do what you like with them."

And with that she took out a bundle of letters tied up with pink ribbon and tossed them to the other girl.

"Look here . . ." began dear old Peter.

"And don't start every other sentence with the words: 'Look here'," Mary advised. "I can imagine many more pleasant things to contemplate."

"Sorry!" said dear old Peter once more. "Come on, Yvette," he urged. "We'll get a cup of tea or something somewhere."

Left alone, Mary lit a cigarette, settled herself in the most comfortable chair in the room and began to read Tony's letters. From time to time she smiled. She was still reading them when the Wing Commander, looking more like a wounded hero than ever, hobbled into the room.

"You!" he exclaimed from the doorway.

"Hullo, Tony!" she said. "How's the poor ankle?"

"Fine. But what——"

"What am I doing here? Looking after you. Obviously you can't do it yourself. I've just seen Yvette."

"Go on, I'll buy it."

"And your lawyer."

"Peter? Dear old Peter!"

"Dear old Peter," she agreed. "What made him behave like a congenital idiot?"

"Search me," said Tony. "You're looking lovelier than ever."

"You write quite an amusing letter, Tony."

"What——"

"Yes, Yvette—sweet girl—gave them to me. I recognize some of the phrases. Your spelling is even more atrocious than in the ones you sent to me, Tony."

"She gave them to you?"

"Yes. She is one of those generous creatures. You haven't even given me a kiss."

"Sorry. I was as nervous as a kitten. But I don't understand."

"Don't try to, my dear. She won't be a nuisance any more."

"But where is she? And where is Peter?"

"Dear old Peter! They went off together to get a cup of tea or something."

"Yes . . . of course. I'll ring for Mrs. Mergle."

She was smiling at him.

"I don't pretend to understand what you've been up to, sweetheart," he said, "but I love you to distraction."

"Me too," she said. "But I should like a cup of tea, darling."

And on that note we may as well leave them.

The tragedy?

We approach it.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now

Peter—dear old Peter!—married Yvette

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 43)

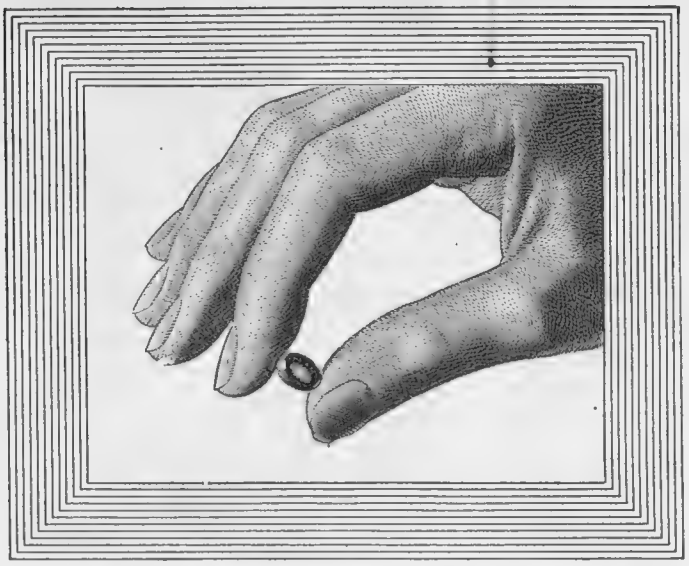
price 15s. a bottle, excluding postage, or trial bottles, which provide sufficient essence for four baths, at 3s. 6d. The dusting powders cost 10s. 6d. for Rose, Verbena or Geranium. The French Fern, Eau de Cologne or Rose Geranium are 3s. 6d. or 7s. 6d. a box, excluding postage. Bath salts to match are 12s. 6d. a box, and, believe it or not, there were several baskets filled with really good toilet soap including Rose Geranium which is a superfatted soap with a high percentage of perfume, price 2s. 6d. a tablet, two coupons. I also found brilliantine at 8s. 6d. a bottle. There are two perfumes, one called Ten which is priced from 15s. to 50s. a bottle, and is as good as any French perfume. Then there is a more expensive perfume, prices ranging from 25s. to 5½ gns.

Having bought some perfume I wandered through a long passage with shelves on either side. These shelves were stocked with all kinds of presents from wooden spills in painted boxes to painted wastepaper baskets which were delightful, though definitely expensive, and a selection of glass bottles for toilet preparations and bath salts. There is a room full of lamps and lampshades, a large number of inkstands, including glass, silver, plate, papier mâché and china. There is a selection of leather goods including writing sets and handbags, cases, both fitted and unfitted, tobacco pouches and playing card boxes.

They specialize in the gift token here, where you fill up a form giving the price of the gift, and they claim that there is a choice of over 30,000 different exclusive goods offered those to whom the token is given. The choice includes antique furniture up to any price, china, glass, cutlery, silver and Sheffield plate.

Walking home stunned by all I had seen, I passed London's most famous china shop, and thinking that one miracle might produce another, I walked in to inquire about washing stand sets. "Yes, madam, we have a few," said the elderly nobleman who waited on me. And sure enough, he had quite a large selection. Prices ranged from 11 gns. down to 74s. for the complete set. I chose one, plain white, with a border of laurel or ivy leaves, which I think is quite charming. There was another at the same price painted with various coloured tulips which was very pretty. This was my lucky day, for I even managed to acquire a complete tea set for six people in very nice Utility white china for 25s.

END



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Twin Set

(*Continued from page 44*)

SHAPE SHOULDER

1st row.—Cast off 8 sts., work in patt. to end.

2nd row.—Work in patt. to end. Rep. these 2 rows once.***

Cast off remaining 9 sts. Join the right shoulder seams.

THE NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and with right side of work facing, pick up and k. 25 sts. along the left side of neck, work across the sts. of the front (k. 1, p. 1) 9 times. Pick up and k. 25 sts. from the right side of neck, and work across the sts. at the back of neck (p. 1, k. 1) 17 times (102 sts.).

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, * p. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

Rep. the 1st row 7 times. Using No. 8 needles, cast off in rib.

The Cardigan

THE BACK

Work as for the back of the jumper.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 58 sts.

1st row.—Sl. 1, (k. 1, p. 1) 5 times, * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 3.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, p. 2, * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * 11 times, (k. 1, p. 1) 5 times, k. 1.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, cast off 3 sts., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, * cross, p. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., cross, k. 1.

4th row.—Sl. 1, p. 2, * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 8 sts., (k. 1, p. 1) twice. Cast on 3 sts., (p. 1, k. 1) twice.

5th row.—Sl. 1, (k. 1, p. 1) 5 times, * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 3.

6th row.—Sl. 1, p. 2, * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 11 sts., (k. 1, p. 1) 5 times, k. 1.

7th row.—Sl. 1, (k. 1, p. 1) 5 times, * cross, p. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., cross, k. 1.

8th row.—Sl. 1, p. 2, * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 11 sts., (k. 1, p. 1) 5 times, k. 1.

Rep. from 5th row to 8th row 6 times, the 5th and 6th rows once, the 3rd and 4th rows once, then from the 5th to the 8th rows 3 times.

Change to No. 8 needles, and rep. from the 5th to 8th row once.

Continue in patt., inc. 1 st. at the beg. of the next and every following 8th row. Work 1 row without shaping. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows once. Work buttonhole as before in the following 27th and 28th rows, at the same time inc. 1 st. at the end of needle in the 5th and every following 8th rows until 66 sts., still working the buttonhole on the 27th and 28th rows, work until 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row, then dec. 1 st. every row at the armhole edge until 50 sts. remain, ending on the wrong side of work ; rep. rows 3 and 4 once. Now continue in patt. until armhole measures 5 ins.

Next row.—Sl. the next 17 sts. on to a spare needle, join in another ball of wool and work in patt. across the remaining 33 sts.

Now work from **** to *** as for the front of jumper.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 11 needles cast on 58 sts.

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 11 sts., (p. 1, k. 1) 5 times, k. 1.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, (p. 1, k. 1) 5 times, * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, cross, * p. 2, cross ; rep. from * to the last 11 sts., (p. 1, k. 1) 5 times, k. 1.

SLEEVE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 76 sts. Work in patt. for 2½ ins. Change to No. 8 needles, work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 88 sts. Work without further shaping until work measures 5 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 72 sts. remain, then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 34 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the side sleeve and left shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves. Press all seams.

4th row.—Sl. 1, (p. 1, k. 1) 5 times, * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1.

Rep. 1st to 4th rows 10 times. Change to No. 8 needles and rep. 1 st. to 4th rows once.

Continue in patt., inc. 1 st. at the beg. of the next and every following 8th rows until 66 sts. Work until 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row, dec. 1 st. every row at the armhole edge until 50 sts. remain. Work until armhole measures 5 ins.

Work in patt. on the 1st 33 sts. Place the remaining 17 sts. on a spare needle.

Work from ** to ** as given for the front of jumper.

Join shoulder seams.

THE NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and the right side of work facing, sl. 1, (k. 1, p. 1) 8 times across the sts. on right front, pick up and k. 26 sts. along right side of work, (k. 1, p. 1) 17 times across the sts. at the back of the neck, pick up and k. 25 sts. along the left side of the neck, (p. 1, k. 1) 8 times, k. 1 across the sts. of the left front (119 sts.).

1st row.—Sl. 1, * p. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end of row.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, * p. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

Rep. rows 1 and 2 once, then the 1st row once.

6th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, cast off 3 sts., * p. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

7th row.—Sl. 1, * p. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to the last 5 sts., p. 1, cast on 3 sts., (p. 1, k. 1) twice.

8th row.—As 2nd row.

Cast off in rib with No. 8 needles.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 60 sts., rib 1½ ins., k. 1, p. 1. Work in main patt. for 3 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row following until 88 sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until 18 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

As for the top of short sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches ; dec. = decrease ; tog. = together; sl. = slip ; inc. = increase ; patt. = pattern ; beg. = beginning ; ins. = inches.

END

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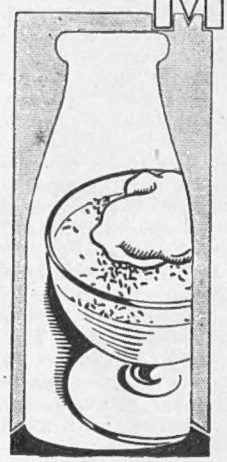

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Bookworms Are Odd Fish

(*Continued from page 25*)

immediately travelled to the wall and "fell." While he was in hospital he wrote to Scott, "I think your statement is accurate."

When he got home again, Ritson was still very ill and barricaded himself in his library. He refused to move and set fire to his books and manuscripts. The police broke in and promptly carried him to an asylum in an ambulance.

An Irish poetess, Amanda McKittrick Ros, published at her own expense a book of verse called "Poems of Puncture." "No bookseller," she wrote, "may stock and sell this work unless they pay me five pounds."

WHEN Bernard Shaw lived at 29 Fitzroy Square in what he called "a most repulsive house" he had a unique method of reading the books he enjoyed. "Whilst I am dressing and undressing," Shaw wrote, "I do all my reading. The book lies open on the table, I never shut it, but put the next on top of it long before it's finished. After some months there is a mountain of buried books, all wide open, so that all my library is distinguished by a page with the stains of a quarter's dust or soot on it. I have long resigned myself to dust and dirt and squalor in external matters: if seven maids with seven mops swept my den for half a century they would make no impression on it."

Mr. Shaw gave some of his books to the Donegal County Library when it was destroyed during the Irish "troubles." The writer inspected his copy of Thoreau's *Walden*. Pages fifty and fifty-one were indelibly sooty, bearing out his methods of reading in the days of his nonage. Shaw had evidently never finished *Walden*, for the remainder of the book was spotless.

POPE SIXTUS IV, was a famous bookworm. When he was made Pope in 1471 he determined to make the Vatican Library the best in the world. The stock was 2,527 books and manuscripts. He ordered Platina, his librarian, to give the books a "once-over" to see where he stood. It turned out there were 904 missing. Sixtus IV acted promptly and issued a Papal Bull which had a humorous result. The Bull asserted that "certain ecclesiastical and secular persons having no fear of God before their eyes have taken sundry volumes in theology and other faculties from the Vatican Library, which volumes they still rashly and maliciously presume to hide and secretly to detain. Such persons are warned to return the books within forty days on pain of excommunication."

Nine hundred and four books were missing; twelve hundred and ninety-three were returned. Later, he told borrowers he would curse them if they did not return their books within two weeks. "You will incur my anger and my curse," he said sternly. "Sign your name in my Register of Loans."

Wives of bookworms have always had trouble with their husbands. A professor of Cambridge used to spend five hours a day in his library. He was late coming down to dinner one night and his wife went to the library to fetch him. He was deep in a book.

"I wish, my dear, I was a book," she sighed.

"Why?" asked the professor.

"Because you would then be constant to me."

"H'm!" frowned the professor, "I should have no objection if you were an almanac."

"Why an almanac?"

"Because I should have a new one every year."

A bookworm got married. His wife determined to put her foot down on his book-buying from the first. When he appeared with an armful she said angrily, "No more books."

The bookworm replied, "No more wife," and promptly left her.

END

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England's Oldest Theatre (*Continued from page* 42)

orchestra pit, and up in the gallery stand several tiers of the original, backless, wooden benches, thoroughly uncomfortable if picturesque survivals.

Foundations were laid on November 30th, 1764, and the Theatre Royal was opened on May 30th, 1766; the cost of construction being somewhere in the region of five thousand pounds. The Theatre's whole *raison d'être*, the choice of a site, were due to the rich and influential inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who wished for a suitable place of entertainment near their own newly built homes. A contemporary observation ran to the effect that, of three undertakings started at the same time—a church, a bridge, a theatre—the theatre was completed first, the bridge second, and the church third and last!

James Paty, the architect, was no doubt influenced by Sir Christopher Wren's Drury Lane Theatre of 1674, of which he had obtained a plan; but the "horseshoe" auditorium was a complete innovation.

The forty-eight original subscribers to the Theatre each presented fifty pounds towards the initial expense of its erection, and were given transferable silver pass-tokens entitling them to "a sight of every performance" during their lifetime. Much opposition to, and disapproval of, the entire project was displayed by various local worthies and religious groups, who threatened prosecution should the Theatre open without a licence. This it did—but the Act which was to have been invoked by the threateners was nullified by the wiliness of the proprietors, who opened not with a theatrical performance, but with a blameless concert (a farce and a comedy being slipped into the programme between musical items), the proceeds of which were devoted to charity.

In 1778, George III granted the honour of a Royal Licence to the owners, when the Theatre was given its title.

Years of prosperity and meagre times succeeded each other in turn, according to the management and the vagaries of Fate, but the Theatre remained in the hands of those who succeeded the original proprietors until 1925, when it became privately owned. Almost every actor and actress of fame has appeared on its stage during the long years since 1766; among them Edmund Kean, the Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, the *ballerina*, Taglioni, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

Noticing the bomb damage—burnt, blasted and blackened buildings ringing the Theatre—I marvelled at its narrow escape from destruction during the winter of 1940-41; incendiary bombs had actually fallen on its roof which, but for swift action on the part of its defenders, would have been ablaze.

In 1942, the Theatre Royal was put up for sale, its future trembling in the balance; fortunately, it was bought through a fund raised by public subscription (instigated by the Council for the Preservation of Ancient Bristol) and now remains in trust as a building of national historic importance.

In 1943, in spite of wartime difficulties, the Theatre Royal was sympathetically restored and opened with a metaphorical flourish of trumpets, renewed and resplendent—the Theatre architect, Mr. Ralph Edwards, having found traces, under successive layers of paint and plaster, of the original decor . . . pale phantom of its former self but an authentic source of inspiration.

Now, under the auspices of C.E.M.A., the future dignity of the Theatre is assured. I could wish, however, that Christmas would see the appearance of a pantomime . . . pantomime demanding that setting of gilt and plushy opulence which only an old-time theatre can supply.

Looking through the Theatre's records, I sigh for such spectacular productions as the Coronation Pageant, produced shortly after George the Fourth's accession to the throne; a sensational, real-water effect of authentic Drury Lane type in "The Cataract of the Ganges" (also of the early eighteen hundreds), the "torrent" being supplied by the Sun Insurance Company's fire-engines; and one of those early, traditional pantomimes followed, inevitably, by its traditionally accompanying harlequinade.

END

How News Correspondents Travel About Europe To-day

(*Continued from page* 13)

cards and everyone who is conscious, smokes. The Robin may be hard tack in comparison with civil planes. There are no snacks and drinks and stewards. Little sound-proofing either; in fact talking isn't recommended save for the super-larynxed.

My preference is a porthole towards the tail, out of which you can see without wing obstruction. How many hours have I spent, map on knee, "reading" on the ground below events of the culminating Nazi days. Not that you haven't got to imagine most of it, for there aren't many traces. An occasional cratered field, a dynamited bridge, a ruined town eerie to fly over, skeletonized, still. Stillness, immobility—those are the covering words. Save round American hives like Frankfurt, Wiesbaden or Munich roads seem empty mile after mile, no matter how criss-crossing the network beneath, and trains non-existent.

Where is everybody? Recalling former life and activity, you wonder. It must be a mistake. But The Robin flies quite low sometimes and you can check the emptiness and standstill and it sets one thinking of the immunity we twenty enjoy from what *is* going on down there though we can't see it—countless human beings subsisting in their debris and encampments, or shuffling from place to place for lack of the very thing we have: Transport. What would they give, who only dream of moving on, to ride away in The Robin?

We can "displace" ourselves all the time; breakfast in Paris, lunch at Munich or Weimar; but it takes months for those wretched nomads and troglodytes below to cover a like distance through the barriers, controls and sanitary cordons of the aftermath. The contrast hits you bang each time you jeep from an airport into a town and see masses of "displaced persons" crazily overwrought outside the railway stations. They will be there for days, gaunt, in rags, camped amid their pots and parcels, but at last they're on the list, they're going home!

Looking down from The Robin, and then across at its passengers, that word "newshawk" for once is no silly conceit. These men and women with their typewriters are preparing to swoop on this and that "story," or else are homing, having clutched and made fresh headlines. No other plans could hold a candle to The Robin as instrument of news tracking, although, thank goodness, typing during flight is impossible, else some of these human machines would be pounding away. It is even difficult to make readable notes, as I am here reminded, faced by a scrawl I made over the Metz-Saar-Rhine country. It seems to have been a bumpy reverie evoking how these places were when last I trod them in their full life of the thirties.

One has to have known Europe before, to get into this frame of mind, and, not surprisingly, our American majority never does. For them, used to vast distances, this flying from point to point is like taking bus rides, nothing to it. While I never saw the Robin actually "thumbed," gate-crashers are not unusual. We're only a correspondents' plane and what's that to "the Military"? They come aboard, sometimes accompanied by women of the Services and Welfare organizations, and while the male crashers are mutely immovable, the females brazenly concoct connections with the Press. I recall one episode in particular. At a take-off at Frankfort, we were seven overweight, all gate-crashers. An R.A.F. pilot would have refused to budge, had all seven been field-marshals. The American pilot seemed awed by colonels' eagles, tried mild persuasion, managed to edge two off, and then we huddled forward and a fellow cried "Heil Hitler!" as we became airborne in the last hundred yards of the longest runway built by the Nazis.

But life is drab-to-grim most of the time, no matter how good U.S. rations may be, or how accommodating, the Americans. Disease, hunger, hate and ruin form the customary daily setting in centres of population and correspondents see more of the quartet than they do of lakeside lidos. Their job may have been simplified by hand-outs and by the creative readiness of PRO's to whisk them to "stories," they may pile up their salaries and come by souvenirs of mark in return for cigarettes, theirs may be the rare fellowship of victorious campaigns whose ribbons they wear, one per campaign. No doubt the constant reporting of woe and menace eats into them, but reporters in uniform are not a happy breed. Having formed the lowest opinion of the people of the country (almost any), they picture their homeland, by contrast, as a repository of all the virtues, brains and boons. "Knocking" others, and a nostalgic fictionizing of one's own country, are theme pieces.

Another is the female correspondent and I got a load of her from a disgruntled male at Munich Airport's Hotel America. We were lunching in the open when I caught him glowering at a neighbouring table. "See that dame?" he almost hissed, "mind she don't jump your jeep. It's her speciality. How? Why she just gets round the sex-starved driver. Wouldn't think it, with a pan like hers, the hard-faced witch, but how those boys feel starved!" From further parley, it devolved that some reportresses in uniform do set their caps at specific officers and N.C.O.'s with a view to getting privileges leading to exclusive "stories," but that others cannot help cashing in on sex-appeal in man-saturated occupied zones, however fairly they play.

But it is high time I took to the friendly Robin again, having made it my purpose to keep right off earth for a spell. It so happened that the flap back to Paris after that Munich lunch was in The Robin's happiest vein. We weren't many aboard and the excitement of four Danes and a Dutchman seeing things for the first time, was contagious. The Danes hopped from port to port, peering down. They were, they said, "opening a window on Europe," after their readers had been shut in for four years. The Dutchman put on the earphones and insisted on dancing with a sob sister.

When the fun died down, I read *The English Way*, with author Maillaud beside me. Presently, at The Scribe, we should open a Romanée Conti straight from Goering's private cellar at Munich's Hotel of the Four Seasons, and drink to—Souvenirs!

END

1.11.45

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 18s. 6d. per annum, 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d., and for Canada 16s. 6d. per annum, 8s. 3d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd, Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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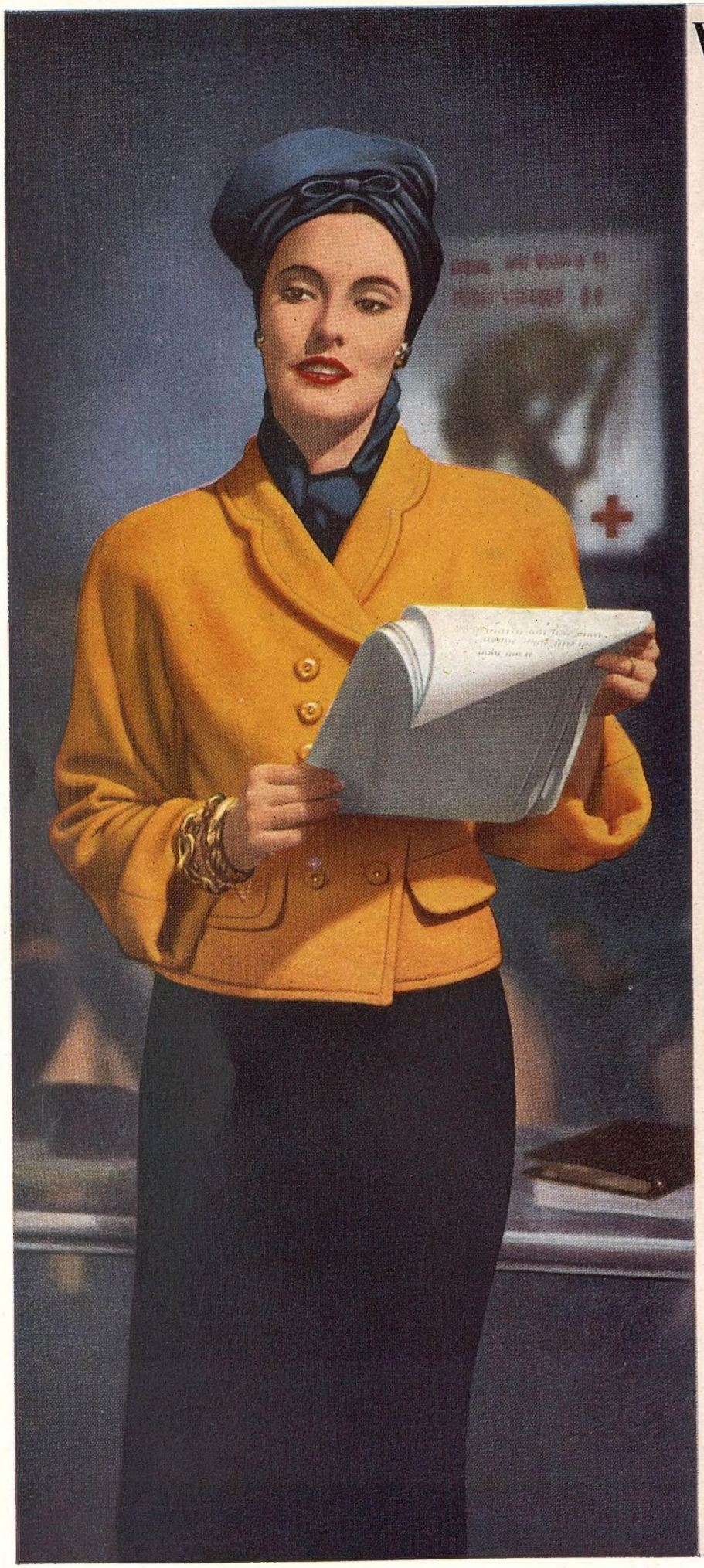

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Come what may, when the day's work is done, she has energy to spare. Her ARCH PRESERVER shoes keep her daily routine free from foot fatigue. No wonder more women than ever, these active days, depend on ARCH PRESERVERS' famous features:

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